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A TENTH-CENTURY WOMAN WRITER.

I.—THE TENTH CENTURY.

THE title is apt to arouse suspicion, for if any one age of those commonly termed "Dark" was wrapped in thicker gloom than the rest, it was surely the tenth century. Europe was at that time in a condition of which we at the present day can hardly form any idea. The weak descendants of Charlemagne were unable to maintain either the glory or the authority of his sceptre, and a century after his death it had all but fallen from their grasp. The period between 896 and 962 is thus described by Bryce.[1] It was "indeed the nadir of order and civilization. From all sides the torrent of barbarism which Charles the Great had stemmed was rushing down upon his empire. The Saracen wasted the Mediterranean coasts, and sacked Rome herself. The Dane and Norseman swept the Atlantic and the North Sea, pierced France and Germany by their rivers, burning, slaying, carrying off into captivity: pouring through the Straits of Gibraltar, they fell upon Provence and Italy. By land, while Wends and Czechs and Obotrites threw off the German yoke and threatened the borders, the wild Hungarian bands, pressing in from the steppes of the Caspian, dashed over Germany like the flying spray of a new wave of barbarism, and carried the terror of their battle-axes to the Apenines and the ocean." Nor were things any better within the empire during the two hundred years after the death of its founder. Crown officials, who under a strong hand would have had only a delegated authority, became gradually more and more independent of their normal sovereigns, and established themselves everywhere as dukes and counts. "Nascent feudality

[1] *The Holy Roman Empire*, pp. 78, 79.

was but one remove from anarchy; and the tendency to isolation and diversity continued, despite the efforts of the Church and the Carlovingian princes, to be all-powerful in Western Europe. The German kingdom was already a bond between the German races, and appears strong and united when we compare it with the France of Hugh Capet, or the England of Ethelred II; yet its history to the twelfth century is little else than a record of disorders, revolts, civil wars, of a ceaseless struggle on the part of the monarch to enforce his feudal rights, a resistance by his vassals equally obstinate and more frequently successful."[2]

Still, the disruptive forces were not the only ones at work. In the political order we find two German kings, Henry the Fowler and his son, Otto the Great, laboring successfully to establish a central authority and to check the inroads of the barbarian hordes. Otto, in particular, showed unflagging energy and steadiness of purpose; inflicting a decisive defeat on the Huns; asserting, in the face of revolts and discouragements, his kingly authority over turbulent German princes, and later on his imperial authority over those of Italy. Few sovereigns under similar circumstances did more toward helping to strengthen and spread the influence of the Church; for, though the spirit of Christianity had as yet but very imperfectly leavened the mass of mankind; though the human element in the Church was, if not more frail, certainly more unruly than in later ages; though we read of ecclesiastics whose lives, in flagrant contradiction with their profession, were in no respect better than those of their secular compeers; there is a pendant to the picture. The true representatives of the spirit of religion in the Church and in the world were ranged on the side of order. The careful historian cannot fail to note these forces—great men who spent their lives in the heroic attempt (any attempt at all must almost have been heroic) to enforce Christian principles. And there were monasteries and convents which were a refuge for the peaceable in an age of strife; for the spiritual, who had renounced a very worldly world; for those whom the gifts of fortune had failed to allure or failed to satisfy. Here the poor found help and the oppressed protection; and here the lamp of learning was fed and kept alight, sheltered from the storm-blasts of the age.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 126.

II.—Roswitha.

In one of these convents, at Gandersheim, not far from Hildesheim, in the Duchy of Saxony, there abode a virgin, Roswitha, who spent here the greater part of her long life. Most of what we know about her is drawn directly or by inference from the prefaces and dedicatory letters in the writings which she has left behind. She was born about the year 932 of a noble Saxon family; and was probably sent to the convent to be educated, in the stern fashion of those days, at an age when we still keep children playing in the nursery, or transfer them at most to the mild discipline of the kindergarten. She tells us that she was taught by a certain Riccardis, who was very learned and very kind, and then by others, whom she does not name. Lastly, she profited by the "kind favor of the royally-minded Gerberga, to whose rule as abbess," she says, "I am now subject; who, younger than I, but, as befitted the niece of an emperor, more advanced in knowledge, most devotedly taught me some authors that she had previously learned from very wise teachers." These lines, written when Roswitha was about thirty, seem to indicate that Gerberga's instruction was not ordinary school-work; and, at the time referred to, she may have been about sixteen and Roswitha twenty-three years old. Both would by then have exchanged the comparative freedom of childhood for the regular conventual life. Gerberga, in consideration of her royal blood and her prospective position as abbess of the convent, had enjoyed exceptional educational advantages. In maturer intercourse she had, no doubt, discovered in Roswitha a kindred spirit, as well as talent, which, in spite of all modest protestations to the contrary, we must believe to have been of a superior order; and, therefore, she had generously given her a share in her own intellectual treasures.

What Roswitha actually learned at school and from Gerberga will appear when we speak of her writings. Meanwhile, two points, suggestive of her environment, are worth a passing mention. She herself praises Gerberga's "variety of knowledge." It would, moreover, appear that there had been another Roswitha who had ruled the convent as abbess a few years earlier, and who was known as the Elder, or the First (though the authenticity of the

passage is not fully established). This abbess, the elder Roswitha, is said to have "excelled the rest in logic and rhetoric, as her books and writings testify; for she composed a most excellent book of logic." There was evidently a strong literary tradition at Gandersheim, and it was kept up unbroken, as the convent had had the singular good fortune not to be sacked and burnt by the Huns, like so many others about that time. "Roswitha's whole life took its trend from Gandersheim. Here she found up-bringing and culture, means to study, personal connection with the reigning family, the first recognition of her writings, a deep past, a rich present, which awakened her talent and offered a glorious material, which has transmitted her name to posterity."[3]

She is believed to have died in the year 1002, at the age of seventy. Of the outward tenor of her life we know nothing, and it is probable that there is little to know. The years must have passed in the quiet monotony of the convent, with its regular round of prayer, study, and work; varied by the recurrence of the yearly festivals, and broken now and then by the visits of distinguished strangers, by the celebration of some special event, or by some such extraordinary occurrence as the great fire. Roswitha has given us no account of these things, either because they did not enter into the purpose of her work, or simply because they did not elicit any special interest from her. For the rest, it is probable that her life resembled that of any of her Sisters in the convent, and just now we are not concerned with it, but rather with the leisure hours that she was at liberty to employ as she pleased. They were spent among books—in the library or in her own cell. They cannot have been many, if we are to judge by the exceeding slowness of her production; but we are not dependent on conjecture as to her use of them, for in the prefaces to her works she has told us a good deal about it.

III.—Roswitha's Literary Remains.

These works, arranged methodically in the order of writing, fall into three groups—Legends, Dramas, and Historical Poems. From one to the other we can trace a distinct advance in style,

[3] Köpke: *Ottonische Studien*, Part II, p. 36. This monograph, published in Berlin, 1869, is the standard work on Roswitha.

choice, and treatment of subject, and in independence; though the writer's growing self-reliance is to the last untainted with self-conceit.

(a) *Legends.*

There are eight Legends, written in Leonine hexameters. They form two groups of five and three, each with a few introductory elegiac verses. The whole eight are then also preceded by a prose preface, which has been already quoted. Dates are in themselves uninteresting things, but it is interesting to know that Roswitha probably began these Legends when she was eighteen, and had them in hand until she was thirty. During seven years of that time she worked "without anyone's knowledge, as it were by stealth." Her materials came, except in one case, from old books which she found within the enclosure of her convent. But it was at the cost of much nervous tension, and many failures, that she put them into form. She was oppressed by the sense of her *rusticitas*, and by the fear of harsh criticism; and could only brace herself by the reflection that her powers were a gift from God; that it is wrong to bury a talent; that much is expected from one who has received much; and that even if her praise of God had no other good result, her effort would be reckoned in her favor at the last. Her first step into publicity was made when (one can imagine with what heart beatings) she showed the first five Legends to her friend, now her abbess, Gerberga: begging her in the dedication, though she was wearied with various labors, to read them as an amusement and to correct them wherever necessary. The verdict was favorable. To the last of the five is appended a curious and learned Grace before Meals, also in Latin hexameters; which indicates, Köpke thinks, that the poems were read by permission of the abbess in the refectory. So that Roswitha's first audience was made up of her own Sisters, and probably she looked no farther just yet. She wrote three more Legends, which are also inscribed to Gerberga, but without asking for corrections this time. In about five years she collected the whole eight, for publication, as we would say; perhaps for circulation among the immediate friends of the convent and in other Benedictine houses. She offers them for correction by all the learned; and begs for indulgent treatment, as

they were written when she was neither mature in age nor proficient in learning, and without any help.

She also excuses herself for having taken the subjects of the first two Legends from books of doubtful authenticity; yet she does not like to destroy them. One can understand her reluctance when one thinks that the ten hundred and fifty verses they contain must have been the fruit of much painful toil. But there was another and a graver reason, and this brings us to the actual contents of these poems. The first is called *Maria*, and describes the life of the Blessed Virgin from her birth to the Flight into Egypt, "which I found written," says Roswitha, "under the name of St. James, the brother of the Lord." The cautious wording is curious. The second is *Ascensio Domini*, based (like most of the Legends and Dramas) on a Latin version of an original Greek text. It follows the source very closely, except that Roswitha places David among the heavenly host and makes him sing psalms of welcome. These two earliest works deal, as we see, with a subject that lay very near to the hand of the young nun. They sprang from the desire to fill up the outlines of the New Testament narrative, and to realize more vividly persons and events of such vital concern to the world in every age. In our day archæologists, historians, travellers, artists, even novelists, all labor to satisfy it; the Middle Ages had to depend on devout meditation and more or less vague traditions and imaginings. Consequently, Roswitha did not wish to destroy what she had once written, in the hope that there might be some truth in it and that it might serve a useful purpose.

The other Legends all deal with lives of saints and martyrs, usually somewhat out-of-the-way stories, which, we must presume, she had unearthed among the treasures of the library and thought worth making known. Two are particularly interesting. *Theophilus* is the story of a league with the devil and believed to be the oldest metrical version of the Faust legend. Here appears for the first time a characteristic trait of the hero. Theophilus is represented as a man who has drunk of the seven fountains of learning. Roswitha further departs from her source so far as to linger with evident sympathy over the repentance and salvation of the sinner. *Pelagius* is one of her most original attempts, and,

moreover, one of the best written of the early Poems. It deals with events which occurred in Spain just a few years before her own birth, and she had the story by word of mouth from a Spaniard of Cordova, who was narrating what he had seen and heard. No wonder that, if dead letters on parchment had been able to stimulate her imagination and fire her zeal, she was powerfully attracted by this subject. For it showed that the cruelty of tyrants and the constancy of martyrs were not mere things of the past. Pelagius, the fourteen-year-old son of the King of Galicia, offers himself as hostage for his father to the Moorish ruler, Abderrhaman III. The Saracen is strongly attracted by the boy, but as no blandishments can shake his Christian constancy, he tortures and beheads him. We find this same Abderrhaman sending embassies to Otto I between 950 and 956; and it was probably on some such occasion that the Spaniard from Cordova came. Moreover, Otto had then at the Moorish court an ambassador, John of Gorze, who got into such serious difficulties that the sword actually hung suspended over his head. We can imagine what an element of nearness all this gave to the story of Pelagius. Roswitha's version was used centuries afterwards by Spanish and Portuguese historians; but to draw up a historical document for the benefit of posterity was certainly the last thing in her mind. And though her narrative differs a little from another, written in Spain nearer to the time of the occurrence, we cannot regard this as very seriously to her discredit; particularly when we remember that tales by eye-witnesses are wont to vary in detail even in our own enlightened age.

Before leaving the Legends it need only be added that Roswitha follows her authority implicitly; but that she condenses, expands, or alters in small points, at the suggestion of her own mind and art.

(b) *Dramas.*

The prose preface to the Legends shows that she had acquired some courage since the days when she wrote *clam cunctis*. She had need of it all for her next, and far more difficult, undertaking, the Dramas, of which there are six, written between 962 and 967. These, also, are preceded by a preface (to the reader), and a "Letter to some Learned Men, Patrons of this Book,"

which give us a further insight into her production and purpose. The subjects do not differ greatly from those of the Legends, but the dramatic form necessitated a freer following of the original and a more independent realization of the theme.

The Letter is a very interesting document. The three "Learned Men," to whom Roswitha is submitting the Dramas, were probably Benedictine monks, as she credits them with a "brotherly interest" in her. They have approved of her earlier work, and she is all the more pleased as she has a high opinion of their learning and judgment; and because it is "universally acknowledged" that the testimony of three witnesses is true. Besides, she barely ventures to show her literary efforts to her nearest friends: "I had almost given up trying any further works of this kind, for, as but few saw what I wrote, who would have had the inclination or the capacity to point out all the faults to me, and to encourage me to produce such things?"[4] She sadly misses the stimulation of interest and intellectual companionship; but works on in spite of misgivings. For, as she says, "Opposing feelings of fear and joy struggle in my breast. I rejoice in the bottom of my heart that I am to praise my God, through whose grace alone I am what I am . . . for I know but too well that it is wrong to conceal a gift received from the Lord . . ."[5] Very likely she feared that those in her immediate circle who knew of her daring attempt—for, as we shall see, it was daring—would misconstrue and disapprove of it. In the preface she explains her idea, and begins by interpreting her own name (Hrotsuitha, to give it its full Old German form) as a "loud cry" —*clamor validus Gandeshemensis.* Her etymology appears to be right, but even though it were not, we might notice the suggestion of the Voice crying in the wilderness; and, indeed, she conceived herself called to an apostolate. She saw that the Comedies of Terence, with their polish and charm of language and their loose morality, were the delight of many Catholics, who even preferred them to the Holy Scriptures. And she conceived the bold idea of trying to use in the service of the purest and most heroic Christian virtue the means that had been so power-

[4] From the German translation by Ottomar Piltz.

[5] *Ibid.*

fully used in the service of error and corruption. She knows that she will be accused of presumption; and endeavors to disarm criticism by acknowledging that she is "much inferior, narrower, altogether different" from Terence. On the other hand, she will be found fault with for representing the seductions of vice in her Dramas, but in order to exalt the victory the struggle must be shown. She writes, strong in the knowledge that she only wants to make a return of her talent to the Giver; if she finds even one person to approve, she will rejoice; if none, on account of her insignificance or her literary shortcomings, no matter! The effort will have been to her own advantage. It seems a pity that the outcome of such resolution should not have found wide appreciation; but the drama was not then popular (it was long before the rise of Mystery Plays); and the educated few who formed Roswitha's circle will still have preferred to read their Terence.

The Dramas are preceded by short arguments. The title of Comedies, given to them by their first editor, is to us a most misleading one, for there is only the slightest element of comedy in them. One or two touches of a certain grim humor, one or two scenes bordering on farce, and one dialogue full of subtle and learned repartee, exhaust it. Four of the six pieces deal with episodes of the long conflict between Christianity and Paganism in the first three centuries of the Church, and end with the glorious martyrdom, or equally glorious conversion, of the chief characters. The most dramatic of these contains a vault scene, which has caused it to be compared with Romeo and Juliet, the other two treat Roswitha's favorite subject, the conversion of a sinner; and one of them, *Abraham*, is undeniably the best of the six. The psychological development is natural, and surprisingly skilful and delicate; and the striking situations are seized and well worked out.

The hermit Abraham has a little niece, Maria, who is left fatherless and motherless at the age of nine. He "would like to share her orphan grief," and "would gladly keep the undimmed beauty of the child-soul from contact with the foulness of the world."[6] But, alas! after many years spent under his guardianship in strict ascetic practices, she falls into sin; and then, seized

[6] *Ibid.*

with horror and despair, flies and is lost in the great world. Two years later, Abraham hears of her, disguises himself as a gay young knight, sets out, and finds her. She does not know him at first, though some chord of memory is touched; and the recognition scene, with Abraham's gentle and pitiful exhortations, show Roswitha's power at its highest. He finally wins the prodigal back to a life of penance.

Though these Dramas are hardly to be judged by severe modern standards, they show a considerable advance on the Legends both in style and in poetic qualities. The instinct for dialogue is remarkable. The scenes in *Gallicanus*—the hero is a Roman general sent by Constantine against the Scythians—are strangely vivid pictures, though the coloring is tenth-century and not Roman, of an emperor surrounded by his warriors, of noble ladies in their separate apartments, of onset and repulse and the ups-and-downs of battle. On the other hand, Roswitha says in the Letter: "In order that the gifts of God might not come to nothing in me through my own fault, I have zealously endeavored to adorn my little book with scraps from the garment of Philosophy. Whenever I succeeded in getting hold of a loose thread of her dress, I have gladly used the precious ornament."[7] In two cases this gives rise to scenes which, if they impede the action, have at least the merit for us of throwing some light on the learning of the tenth century. In one a mother, explaining the age of her three daughters to the Emperor Hadrian, does it by means of a sort of arithmetical problem, followed by a discourse on the properties of numbers. In the other the hermit Paphnutius discusses the Quadrivium in general and music in particular with his eager pupils. The form of these Dramas is not verse, but a kind of rhythmical prose that seems to show the influence of the earliest German poetry. Altogether, from a literary point of view, the Dramas are the most interesting of Roswitha's writings. Though founded on the study of the classics, they have mediæval and national characteristics also.

(c) "*Gesta Oddonis.*"

While still engaged on them, Roswitha was composing another poem, by the advice, and to some extent with the help,

[7] *Ibid.*

of Gerberga. It is only a conjecture, but it seems probable enough, that the abbess, hardly sympathizing with the dramatic work, suggested the Great Deeds of Otto as a fit and proper theme. It was one likely in many ways to commend itself to Roswitha, though of her own initiative she would hardly have ventured on it. The convent of Gandersheim was in the closest connection with the reigning house; founded by Otto's ancestors, ruled at the moment by his niece, and patronized by his son, the Archbishop Wilhelm von Mainz. Otto the Great has already been mentioned. His strong assertion of his kingly prerogatives was, on the whole, just and enlightened, and his loyalty to the Church was based at least as much on conviction as on policy. He seems to have had all the characteristics necessary to challenge the admiration of his contemporaries; he was a brave warrior, on occasion a great general, a clever statesman; his faults were such as that age judged lightly, and his good qualities peculiarly attractive; he was mild and conciliatory to conquered foes, generous to all, and at the same time unbendingly just; and he was of imposing personal appearance. The following passage illustrates one of the aspects in which he appeared to his own age. It is really not a digression, though it looks like one, for it so happens that the incidents referred to form one of the most important parts of the *Gesta Oddonis*. "Lothar (king of Italy) dying, his widow, Adelheid, was sought in marriage by Adalbert, son of Berengar II, the new Italian monarch. A gleam of romance is shed on the Empire's revival by her beauty and her adventures. Rejecting the odious alliance, she was seized by Berengar, escaped with difficulty from the loathsome prison where his barbarity had confined her, and appealed to Otto, the German king, the model of that knightly virtue which was beginning to show itself after the fierce brutality of the last age. He listened, descended into Lombardy by the Adige valley, espoused the injured queen, and forced Berengar to hold his kingdom as a vassal of the East Frankish crown."[8] Finally, Otto had added the title of Roman Emperor to that of German King, and had thus been invested with a sacred character; for, on the mediæval theory, the Emperor was in the temporal order what the Pope was

[8] Bryce: *The Holy Roman Empire*, pp. 83, 84.

in the spiritual, his authority equally wide and resting on the same divine ordinance.

Roswitha had yielded to Gerberga's suggestion that she should sing the Deeds of Otto, but she declines to venture on the things "which he did as Augustus, occupying the throne on the pinnacle of the world; which I fear to touch, because I shall be prevented by my sex, nor ought they to be treated in unworthy language." As in the lines just quoted, she often pleads inability to deal with deeds of arms and high affairs of state; and as a historian she is very deficient in these matters, about which she was probably but slightly informed. Besides, in the present instance, her native timidity and her good sense were seconded by considerations of prudence and politeness. She seems to have been much hampered by the fact that her book was to be submitted for approval to a son of her hero, the Archbishop of Mainz, and presented to his yet more august son, Otto II. On the other hand, she enlarges with evident sympathy and knowledge on domestic matters, and particularly on the fortunes of the two illustrious princesses, Edith and Adelheid. Here she could give herself plenty of scope.

The poem is thus rather a personal than a political history. It has two dedicatory prologues—to Otto I and Otto II respectively—and consists of 1,517 verses, of which about one-fifth are devoted to Edith and Adelheid. There are two great gaps in the manuscript. It is preceded by a letter to Gerberga, in which, borrowing a metaphor from the wooded, hilly country round Gandersheim, Roswitha describes the difficulty of dealing with her subject. She has had to struggle through a thick forest, where there was neither path nor resting-place, and where no trace of a human foot was to be seen on the snow-covered ground, with no guide but merely the command of those who had indicated the way to her; or, as she continues more explicitly, she had found none of Otto's deeds recorded in writing, nor was she able to get clear and sufficient information from anyone by word of mouth. Her facts, such as they were, came doubtless from Wilhelm von Mainz and other members of the Imperial family or their followers and dependants. When all the necessary deductions have been made for her point of view, her surround-

ings, and her purpose, the *Gesta Oddonis* has still a definite value as a historical document.

(d) "*Primordia.*"

The remaining long poem—for the two smaller pieces have no special importance—is of narrower scope, but within that scope most interesting and valuable. It treats of the *Primordia Coenobii Gandeshemensis*, or *Origin of the Convent of Gandersheim.* Shortly after the conclusion of the *Gesta Oddonis* in 968, the beginning of misfortunes came to Gandersheim in the shape of a terrible fire, in which the convent church was burnt to ashes. Otto, out of love to his niece Gerberga, helped to rebuild it, but did not survive to see even the exterior finished. After his death in 973, and probably spurred on by these indications that an old order was passing away, Roswitha began the *Primordia*, which gives the history of the convent from its foundation to 919, the death year of the third abbess. In this subject she had plenty of material,—communications from old nuns, the convent archives, and some records of Hathumod, the first abbess, to which we shall refer presently.

Liudolf, the first Duke of Saxony, and the direct ancestor of Otto the Great, had been brought up at the court of Charlemagne's successor, that is to say, amidst the influences of the superior civilization of the Franks, at that time the most advanced of the Teutonic tribes. He married a Frankish princess, Oda, "and with her came into the Saxon race the effective influence for culture, which remained a fundamental characteristic of the ruling house later on."[9] The importance of monasteries and convents as centres of civilization and religion among the still half-barbarous Saxons could not escape Liudolf. Besides, Oda had inherited from her mother the desire to found a convent, which would not only be a meritorious work, inasmuch as it made provision for a constant service of praise and prayer to God; but would also, according to the custom of the time, be a safe and sure retreat for those members and dependants of the founder's family who chose the religious life, or, as sometimes happened, for whom it was chosen. The rule seems to have been to elect an

[9] Köpke, *op. cit.*, p. 128.

abbess out of the family of the founder, unless it happened, as it sometimes did, that none with the necessary virtues was forthcoming. The first thing Liudolf and Oda did for their foundation was to give it an abbess, their little daughter Hathumod, who was devoted to the service of religion and sent between the ages of three and six into training for her future life. She became abbess at the age of twelve,—which sounds absurd even for a time of precocious children, until we remember that Gandersheim was really Oda's convent, and was very efficiently governed by her until her death through three daughters in succession.

Roswitha's particulars as to choice of sites and progress of buildings, and her loving reference to the stream Gande, the shady valley and wooded hills close by, and the little, old church which formed the nucleus of a temporary convent, may be passed over. But it is hard to resist the temptation to make a digression in favor of the first abbess. She was, as has been said, destined for the position from her infancy, and with our modern notions about the desirability of a perfectly free choice, we think her rather ill-used. However, the result seems to have been a great success. She died at the age of thirty-four, and for a whole month her grave was visited by troops of mourners, of high and low degree. Her brother Agius wrote her life, and an elegy on her death. According to him, she was extraordinarily given to study and unwearied in meditation. She loved books and brought to bear on them calm judgment, sound intellect, and keen sensibility. When she found among her nuns any with the requisite capacity, she made them study too, not so much by talking to them, as by regular discipline and example. She instituted examinations; and "if perchance, as is the custom, she was to ask questions, she touched upon all points so clearly and exhaustively, that by her very questioning she seemed rather to teach than to question." She kept up a constant literary correspondence with Agius, and their family love of books is recorded in more than one touching instance. For example, when Hathumod was dying, and saw her mother's deep grief, she thought of a means to distract her: "because she knew her to be excessively fond of reading books, she would say that she had found something pleasant to hear and useful to remember, which she must read to her." Hathumod was succeeded by her sister Gerberga I (to distinguish her from

Roswitha's Gerberga), who had refused a brilliant marriage in order to become a nun; and she again by her sister, Christina. Both of these worthily upheld the family tradition. Roswitha's poem ends with Christina's death. The case apparently occurred now that there was not a member of the ducal family available for the position of abbess. Two others were elected in succession from among the nuns, and under the second of them Roswitha's youth was spent in the convent.

IV.—Oblivion and Rediscovery.

The fire was indeed the beginning of misfortunes. In spite of imperial favor and help, it took many years to recover even partly from the injury; and we may safely assume that the straitened circumstances referred to in contemporary documents had a bad effect on the school. Fires were very frequent, and very destructive, among the village-like clusters of buildings, largely of wood, that formed monastic establishments in those days; and of course the library and archives suffered irreparable losses. The convent of Gandersheim had no less than three fires in as many centuries, the second in 1095, the third in 1184. All of which helps to explain that after the brilliant period under Gerberga II a gradual decadence set in; and this, combined with the steadily inverting importance of Latin and German, caused Roswitha's name and work to be forgotten for centuries.

She was brought to light in 1494 by two learned men, the poet, Conrad Celtis, and the Abbot Tritheim. Tritheim gives the first printed notices, describing her as "distinguished by her intellect and illustrious by her command of language, not less remarkable for her life than for her learning," and going on to say that "she wrote in verse and prose many illustrious works, in which, surpassing her sex in intellect, she transmitted her name with great glory to posterity."

But Celtis claims the credit of the discovery, which was made as follows: like most of the enthusiastic devotees of the new learning, he set inestimable value on books.[10] He boasts of hav-

[10] Scherer (*History of German Literature*) calls him "the itinerant preacher of Humanism." He went about lecturing from university to university, founded literary societies, described his journeys and love affairs in elegies imitated from Ovid's *Amores*, and settled down at last as Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric, first in Ingolstadt and then in Vienna.

ing sacrificed fortune and health, travelling through the most unfrequented parts of Germany, and ransacking monastic libraries, in order, as became a German and particularly one who had been honored with the poetic laurel, to collect manuscripts and print them for the glory of Germany; and all the more because Italians had already carried off much precious booty of this kind. He came upon Roswitha in the monastery of St. Emmeram in Ratisbon. There is a document extant, dated January 27, 1494, in which the Prior and Librarian formally record having lent him, out of friendship, the manuscript of the works of a certain nun, which he has promised in writing to return, and (by way of security) has submitted for inspection to a trustworthy citizen ot Nürnberg. Celtis waxes enthusiastic about his find. Roswitha's merits are *incredibile dictu*, and she is compared with all the famous women he knows of, past and present.

In the same year he travelled to various places in South Germany, and as far as Basle, carrying the precious manuscript with him, and sharing his discovery with his learned friends of the Rhenish Literary Society, and doubtless with Tritheim, among the rest. The whole circle was loud in praise. A professor in Basle sends a greeting to Celtis and his Roswitha. Others cry out that she "shines like Orpheus' Lyre in the literary sky," call her the eleventh muse, after Sappho; compare her with the seven sages of Greece; declare that she has made Germany the rival of Greece and Rome; and place her glory as a historian on the same level as the glory in arms of the Ottos, celebrated by her pen.

Celtis edited his text rather unceremoniously, mending the Latin here and there; writing in some cases titles, in others arguments, into the manuscript itself; and then sending it, to its detriment, to the press. The book was printed in 1501, with six beautiful wood-cuts by Albert Dürer, and a frontispiece, in which Celtis presents Roswitha's MS. to his patron, the Elector of Saxony, who had borne the expenses of printing. Amongst those who got presentation copies was a certain Charitas Pirkheimer, the learned sister of one of Celtis' friends, to whom, in the dedication, he had compared Roswitha.

A generation or so later a monk, named Bodo, undertook to

write the annals of his monastery, and discovered in his researches a mutilated manuscript, Roswitha's *Primordia*. He too is immediately full of admiration, not only for her literary gifts, but for her whole personality; and such an example gives him fresh courage for his own task. However, his account of her shows little critical faculty. Indeed during the sixteenth century her reputation seemed likely to take a mythical character. Faust stories were very rife just then, and as she had treated two such legends, she was credited with an important rôle in another.

Her fame penetrated into Italy, England, and Spain. Toward the end of the century an Oxford theologian, jealous no doubt of his country's glory, made a desperate effort to prove her English. From this time onwards notices and partial or total reprints are frequent. It will be enough to mention that Mabillon gives her a place in his Annals; and that Leibnitz was responsible for a complete new edition of her writings, part of which was his own actual work. A translation of one of her dramas opens Gottsched's *Necessary Material for the History of German Poetry*. This *Nötiger Vorrat* was by way of answer to certain supercilious French critics, who had questioned the existence of even a half tolerable German drama. During the nineteenth century studies, translations, and editions were very numerous, both in France and Germany. Freytag began his literary career with a Latin dissertation on Roswitha; and Magnin, who published the first-fruits of his prolonged labors in this field in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1839, regarded her as a *gloire pour l'Europe entière*.

V.—Her Learning.

Something must be said about Roswitha's learning, for the predominantly religious character of her writings might cause misapprehensions on this head. Such an acquaintance with church liturgy and literature as many in the Middle Ages possessed argues in itself no small degree of intellectuality, but it was very far from being the only literature they knew. Maitland thus describes the attitude of mediæval readers in a chapter on what he calls the "Dark Age View of Profane Learning:" "I grant that they had not that extravagant and factitious admiration for the poets of antiquity which they probably would have had if

they had been brought up to read them before they could understand them, and to admire them as a necessary matter of taste before they could form any intellectual or moral estimate of them; they thought too that there were worse things in the world than false quantities, and preferred running the risque of them to some other risques which they apprehended."[11] Educated Christian people had a vivid belief in the facts of Christianity, a consequent logical avoidance of the matter of pagan writers, a certain appreciation of their formal beauty, and a realization of their necessity as a training in style; and the result was an endeavor to use them as not using, to reconcile the aspirations of taste and sound morality, of which Roswitha's dramas are a most curious instance.

Not to mention Latin poets and prose writers of the Christian era, she was familiar with at least Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucian, Terence, and Plautus. Köpke supports his statements in this respect with arguments and a formidable array of parallel passages. Her Latinity, though not free from defects and peculiarities, is so good as to have been made an argument against the authenticity of her writings. It could not, thought Aschbach, writing in 1867, have been of earlier date than the Revival of Learning; and the whole thing must be an elaborate forgery of Conrad Celtis and his friends of the Rhenish Literary Society. It is doubtful whether she knew Greek, though Graecisms occur in her works. She might easily have picked up Greek words in her school-books, in the Vulgate and the Fathers of the Church, and elsewhere in her reading.

Moreover, she had gone through the rest of the course of study which, from the time of the Roman schools, had lasted into the Middle Ages almost unchanged. It comprised the seven liberal arts, classed into the two groups of the Trivium and Quadrivium, namely, the Latin language and literature collectively called Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy. To judge by the learned dialogues already referred to, the theory of numbers and the theory of music had a special attraction for her. As they were then taught, they opened up a wide field for metaphysical speculations, sometimes fanciful,

[11] *Essays on the Dark Ages* (Ed. 1844), p. 177.

but sometimes also lofty and inspiring. Harmonious sound, based on numerical proportion, is itself only a special manifestation of the general law of the universe, according to which different or discordant elements are combined in harmony. There is of course nothing very original in the knowledge displayed, nothing that might not be found in the text-books in use at the time; but she had evidently assimilated it completely and worked it into a coherent whole on the basis of an intelligent grasp of Christian philosophy. God is the Creator of the objects of knowledge; and He has made man a being capable of study, with faculties which it rests with himself to use. By their proper development mankind is to discover in the course of time the whole domain of knowledge step by step, and so eventually to get back to God, the Source and Origin of all. After this we are not surprised to find that Roswitha has the profoundest respect for learned men, *sapientes*, as she calls them; her ideal *sapiens* is, however, not merely perfect in knowledge but in every other good quality also. As for herself she nurses no illusions. She is burning with the desire for knowledge, but she has too keen a sense of the slenderness of her attainments to take any but the humble attitude—*tantum scio, quod nescio.*

Her powers she looked upon as a gift and a responsibility. Her studies were means to their development. Her writings were the use of them. Her purpose directly and indirectly was the praise and service of the Giver.

VI.—Personal Characteristics.

It may be thought that her purely mediæval side has been wilfully obscured. She certainly has a surprising number of points of contact with the woman of modern times, but she has also, of course, characteristics that, for good or evil, will be regarded as obsolete at the present day. Her learning was subject to the limitations of her age, and she was not strikingly in advance of it in uncritical spirit. She has a wonderful idea of the divinity that doth hedge an emperor, and radiates from him on all his relatives, and belongs in a lower degree to all of noble rank; but then the words *regius* and *generosus* are applied not only to external perfections, but to moral elevation as well. She con-

stantly refers to herself as a mere *mulier*, or even a *muliercula*, and alleges the fragility of her sex as a plea for merciful criticism, or as a reason for not treating, or an excuse for treating indifferently, various themes. Finally, her simple adhesion to a definite faith, which, however, was no mere unreasoning acceptance, has unhappily become less common in modern times.

Indeed, she would lose half her interest were it not for the light she throws on her age. She is not a perfectly isolated phenomenon. It is true that Bodo says of her, "*Rara avis in Saxonia visa est*," but then he wrote in the sixteenth century, a period not distinguished for discriminating views of the past. In any case even *rarae aves* do not float suddenly on full-grown pinions out of space into the view of an astonished world. Within the limits of this paper we have met with other cultured women—Oda, Hathumod, two Gerbergas, Christina, Roswitha I, Riccardis, and others—covering more than a century and a half of the "darkest" ages. It does not take from their representative character that they were all of, or connected with, the same family, for we have confined ourselves to one convent, at a time when such schools were recruited from a rather narrowly circumscribed area; and, moreover, the sources of our information make it natural that the founder's family should get special prominence in the records.

It cannot escape notice that all these women were of more or less lofty rank. But it must be taken into account that the mere material conditions of life in the Middle Ages did actually put a greater mental and intellectual distance between class and class than exists now, when it is hardly an exaggeration to say that anyone who pleases is the heir of all the ages. Now, for example, our wants are half automatically supplied. Then, it meant continuous labor of head and hand to provide the primary necessaries of life in each family. Women of the middle class had to busy themselves with spinning and weaving their own clothes, baking their own bread, having previously seen to the grinding of their own corn, and presumably milking their own cows, if, perchance, these had been overlooked by the rapacity of the neighboring lawless lord, or had escaped in the depredations of a troop of Danes or Huns. Women of noble family, and as well off as

worldly goods could make them, had to manage the numerous servants and dependants, to direct the household, and, in an emergency, to defend their dwellings from hostile attacks in the absence of their lords.[12] Such a life must have left little time for intellectual pursuits; and it was only those whose exalted rank lifted them above common necessities, or those who sought the seclusion of the cloister, that had the necessary leisure. Besides, books were hardly accessible, or at most accessible to the very rich, outside monastic libraries.

Two remarks must be made in conclusion. First, though Roswitha was a German, the interest attaching to her is not purely or even principally a national interest. In her day the barriers erected by language between different countries were easily passed by the lettered; and the universality of Latin made Europe, as regards intellect, into one commonwealth, of which she was a remarkable citizen. And second, these mediæval Latin writers have had the hard fate of falling between two stools. Their contemporaries who stammered out their utterances in the still uncouth languages of modern Europe have acquired a somewhat factitious importance because of the natural desire to study all beginnings; while they themselves are no longer read, either for their matter or for their form. Their ideas have either been superseded, or have long since passed into the common stock of the world's thought; and their style has ceased to satisfy the fastidious taste of students familiar with classical purity. The world, of course, does well to select the best. Life is too busy to allow us to occupy ourselves with the second-rate. But it is well also to remember that our phase of civilization is the result of all those that have preceded it, that we are not only the heirs but the debtors of by-gone generations, and that it is not merely a vain curiosity if we try sometimes to transport ourselves back into a vanished world.

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[12] *Cf.* Drane: *Christian Schools and Scholars*, pp. 108 and 538

HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE.

(Fourth Article.)

TO the military authorities, acting always on suggestions of Combes' civil agents, it seemed to require three brigades of mounted gendarmes, two brigades of dismounted gendarmes, two brigades of infantry, one squadron of the fifth Hussars, and the fourth battalion of dismounted chasseurs to expel a few poor religious from their convent in Nancy. Backed up by this armed force, the Procureur of the Republic and an examining magistrate "*were able to penetrate without difficulty into the convent of the Redemptorists, which did not contain more than eight religious!*"

One infirm priest, Father Alphonse, eighty-two years of age, made a vain request that he might be admitted to some home, or refuge of any kind, where he might tranquilly end his days. In August, 1903, several troops of cavalry, and many brigades of gendarmes, preceded by army engineers, carpenters, and locksmiths, undertook to dislodge some religious from another convent in the same town. The court official in charge of the confiscation and sale of this property of the Fathers opened the doors without having to call upon the locksmiths for aid. I do not know how many of the populace it was thought necessary to overawe, outside, by the presence of these marshalled hosts. What I do know is that when this detachment of the noble army of France looked about them to find the priests they were to expel, they *found just two religious, one of them weak and infirm.* Such is the present work of the valiant army of France.

Occasionally the victims of M. Combes are unable to walk, but that does not prevent their expulsion. When the teaching Marist Brothers were expelled from Requista (Aveyron), one member, gravely ill, was carried out on a mattress and left in a neighboring hotel. At Bastia, the convent of the Capucins was surrounded by a cordon of troops. As the Fathers had closed their gates, a police commissary, sub-prefect and justice of the peace sought to force an entrance under protection of a detachment of infantry and of gendarmes. After beating down the door with a hatchet these heroic besiegers at last found the Capucins in the chapel on their knees. Taken out by the invaders, they

were greeted by some two thousand of the laity massed outside, and given food, for it was known that they had been without provisions for some days. At Moulins, supporters of M. Combes endeavored to sack the school of the Marist Brothers. Singing sacrilegious and revolutionary songs, the besiegers threw great paving stones against the school door. Some friends of the Brothers sought to stop this, with the result that the "freethinkers" drew their knives and stabbed two Catholics, one a man of sixty years, who was wounded in the groin and head. Finally the apostles of "free thought" sacked a café, where the friends of the Brothers had sought refuge.

In the commune of St. Martin (Loiret), a lady who had been a religious undertook to open a school, and accordingly complied with the arbitrary exactions in the matter of secularization. In the opening of a lay school the mayor has a right of veto, "if the locality is not convenient for moral or hygienic reasons." The mayor published his veto and was sustained by the departmental Council on the ground that the religious in becoming secularized did not renounce her vow of chastity; consequently, *in acting as she has done, Madame X has attempted to evade the law,* and accordingly *offended against good morals!* Vows of chastity are indeed quite contrary to good Socialistic morals, as understood in France. It is necessary also to seek in the domain of morals for the secret of that hatred of the regular clergy which inspires the favorite cry of Radicals and Socialists: "Down with the skull-cap! Spit out the monks." It would be easy to fill many pages with scenes such as I have described, attending the expulsion of religious, and of despicable demonstrations against them by men who shriek blasphemies with one breath, and "Long live Combes!" with their next breath.

Inspired by the Premier's letters to the Bishops, already quoted, the noisy supporters of M. Combes decided to bring Catholic pulpits "*within legality*" by loudly taking the preacher to task for daring to deliver the message of his Divine Master without parliamentary "authorization." The parish priest of the church of Aubervilliers, on the occasion of the feast of Our Lady of Virtues, had invited the former Jesuit Father Coubé to preach. Some men in the congregation began to interrupt the sermon, and

finally hurled missiles at the preacher. Of course, the police did not come in to still the confusion which followed amid cries of "Long live the Revolution! Long live Combes! Down with the skull-cap!" until urged to do so by the rector. In this instance, M. Combes showed his appreciation of the obligations of the Concordat by suppressing the rector's salary on the alleged ground of "inviting to his pulpit a member of an unauthorized congregation." Father Coubé had ceased to be a Jesuit, but, while Combes and his followers regard vows as illicit and anti-social, all who have ever taken them have them stamped into their bones and marrow, and neither the Pope nor the nine Roman Congregations of the Curia (not to mention heads of orders) can rid a man of them.

Emboldened by their first success, in stopping the mouth of Father Coubé, the apostles of "free thought" announced their intention of making a "demonstration" in the churches of St. John the Baptist, Belleville section of Paris, and at the church of Notre Dame de Plaisance, in the same city. As the Belleville quarter of Paris is very socialistic, supporters of M. Combes expected an easy victory over what they assumed to be a congregation only of women and children. Catholic laymen had come, however, from other parishes, and when Father Auriault, a former Jesuit, later professor of theology in the Catholic Institute of Paris, announced as his text the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin and Christian charity, there ensued at once a violent disturbance in which, however, the Radicals and Socialists met with complete discomfiture. With cowardice characteristic of their class they denounced to the police the Catholic laymen who had endeavored to defend the priest and worshippers in their church. Nothing demonstrates more clearly the degradation of police and magistracy, under M. Combes, than the outcome of this affair, in which seven arrests were made, all of Catholics who had merely defended the rights of the faithful to uninterrupted public worship. The event occurred in May, 1903, and all seven were held for requisition by the courts. Months afterwards, even as I write, they are being tried before Combes' judicial lackey, M. André, on a charge of assault and battery with "blows and wounds." It is needless to add that the miscreants who started the disturbance got off scot-

free. The rector of this church also had his salary suppressed, on the plea that he had tendered the invitation to preach "to a member of an unauthorized congregation."

The close of the Forty Hours' Devotion, at the church of Notre Dame-du-Travail, Plaisance quarter of Paris, was the occasion of even more disgraceful scenes. Catholic laymen protected the interior of the church while the streets were left to the police. The Prefect of Police was on the ground, in person, with a considerable force, but as the officers of the law are obliged to treat the supporters of M. Combes with gentle forbearance, the presence of patrolmen did not prevent some fifteen hundred noisy, turbulent rowdies from crowding up to the church doors, where they shouted: "Down with the skull-cap!" singing at the same time revolutionary and sacrilegious songs too blasphemous to be repeated here.

In order to force the government to withdraw all State aid from religion, Sunday, May 17th, was appointed by Radicals and Socialists as a fitting time for anti-religious demonstrations in all the great cities of France. One journal declared: "We will have no more of a salaried clergy, nor of the Concordat; let us finish once for all with dogmas!" Space does not permit us to describe the disgraceful scenes that took place on that and other days in many cities and towns of a country whose government poses as "*Protector of the Christians in the Orient!*"

The first Communion of little ones throughout the month of May, 1903, furnished to many of M. Combes' journalistic supporters a theme for characteristic editorials, which lay bare the brutal infidelity which controls a large measure of public opinion in France to-day.

A quiet and peaceful congregation had gathered in the church of St. Jacques at Rheims to assist at the first Communion of their children. The ceremony was progressing tranquilly when a band of "freethinkers" (supporters of M. Combes) *invaded the church, tore away the veils from the foreheads of young girl communicants, and spat in their faces!* M. Loubet, President of the Republic, was bitterly censured for allowing his youngest son to receive Holy Communion with the children of the parish of St. Philippe du Roule, Paris, in May, 1903. As President of the Republic, M.

Loubet had seared his conscience by signing many anti-religious decrees, in suppression of Catholic schools, condemning as "of abuse," the fulfilment of their duty as shepherds of Christ's flock, by archbishops and bishops of France, etc., and he may have been, therefore, ashamed to attend this first Communion which his wife witnessed. Perhaps fear of hostile criticism from Radicals and Socialists kept him away. But his mere absence did not satisfy the Radicals. A ministerial journal sharply observed: "He is not obliged to be President of the Republic, and if he remains in this place, where he represents the lay State, he ought to conduct himself otherwise, that is to say, not to have any relation with the Church."

The recurrence of Corpus Christi, in 1903, was the occasion for painful and disorderly scenes in many cities and towns; processions and public benediction of the Blessed Sacrament were frequently broken into and otherwise disturbed by sacrilegious cries and songs; thumps and blows were frequent; at Havre some were wounded; at Dunkerque, children bearing banners were publicly attacked by the infidel hordes of government supporters. At Lyons, one person had his eye torn out, and at Nantes one died (creating a disturbance), and one was dying when the day ended. On Whitsunday, a canon of the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, a venerable priest, eighty-seven years of age, on leaving the church after Vespers, was purposely run into by four or five young roughs, knocked down, and severely injured. Raised up by some persons passing by, he thanked them without a word of complaint or vindictiveness against his assailants. And these things are tolerated without protest from the government, which secretly connives at the insults offered to religion.

Processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament are, in consequence, everywhere interdicted under the plea of giving occasion to riots. In many places priests (and sometimes ministers) have been forbidden to accompany, processionally, a funeral cortège through the streets, despite the fact that such has been hitherto the universal custom throughout the provinces.

Although busily engrossed in closing churches, chapels, church schools, convents and monasteries, M. Combes found time to extend his protecting and fatherly hand over gamblers. By a

circular to departmental Prefects, the Premier pointed out the advantages extended to private clubs where gambling is carried on, and this precisely by the Law of Associations, which applies to clubs in a distinct sense. It is only necessary for the club, or "circle," to set forth some lawful object as the ostensible purpose of its organization. This entitles the members to gamble and carouse as they list. Form a club to study the spectrum analysis, and members need study only the cards in a faro bank. By the same law which shields these private clubs, a judge, not three months before, convicted and sentenced six nursing Sisters for "*having, belonging to an unauthorized congregation, gratuitously treated the sick poor at their homes.*" Such is "Republican defence," as made possible by Waldeck-Rousseau, and given effect by M. Combes.

As a further step toward the destruction of religious congregations and the stamping out of religious education, the Combes Ministry secured the addition of the following articles to the Law on Associations: "There is added to Article 16 of the law of July 1, 1900, completed by that of December 5, 1902, a paragraph thus conceived: In addition to which, and without its being derogatory to any of the dispositions of the law of July 1, 1901, and notably to those of Article 16, completed by the law of December 5, 1902:

"During a period of three years from the closing of a congregational establishment, any other establishment, of whatsoever nature it be, situated in the same or an adjacent commune, if the direction or instruction therein is exercised by any of the former members of the closed establishment, will also be considered a congregational establishment and, unless proof be given to the contrary, will come under the law before specified."

In other words, no institution of any kind can employ as teachers or managers the members of the suppressed establishment within three years after its close. Any institution violating this prohibition will itself be considered an unauthorized congregational establishment, however secular its real character, and, without very strong exonerating proofs, will be proceeded against forthwith. As M. Reille pointed out: "The Revolution, which suppressed the congregations, did not pursue individuals beyond

the cloisters." That was left to twentieth century apostles of so-called liberty of conscience and thought.

On May 30, 1903, delegates of the four factions constituting M. Combes' majority in the Chamber of Deputies mutually agreed to refuse authorization to all teaching orders of women, so that their schools might be closed within six months. Three hundred and ninety congregations of women had requested authorization. Some of these had undertaken educational work, others the care of the sick, of children, of the aged, while others were simply cloistered contemplatives. M. Combes informed the delegates that congregational establishments exclusively educational numbered about three hundred and fifty; these were conducted by eighty congregations of women. All these were to be refused authorization. It was later shown that of these eighty congregations thirty-five were teaching, seven mixed (contemplative and giving asylum), nine entirely devoted to asylum work, and forty employed in both teaching and asylum work. These distinctions when brought to the notice of the Chamber did not, however, affect the result of the government's decision which purposed the destruction of these congregations of women without any regard to their merits, individual or collective. M. Combes gave some intimation of the sum which French taxpayers would have to pay for disbanding the teaching congregations. He proposed that a sum equivalent to ten million dollars be set aside for the construction of secularized schools to take the place of the religious schools. There are persons (Waldeck-Rousseau, I believe, among them), who estimate the first cost to France of the present move to secularize the schools and charity institutions to reach at least twenty million dollars. This would not include the annual outlay for new lay teachers, hospital nurses, managers and employees of refuges, orphanages, asylums, day nurseries and industrial homes previously managed by the religious.

Despite these rather discouraging facts authorization was summarily refused by a majority of sixteen votes, six of which were those of Cabinet Ministers. It may be doubted that, in view of the open injustice of the governing party's proceedings, a majority could have been obtained had not Combes given an

assurance which must have put some of the voters off their guard: "I am resolved," said the Premier, "that the congregations which complain of having been too severely treated in this session, receive kindly consideration and that your decision be not made known to the various establishments which actually carry on the work of asylums." The subsequent actions and utterances of the government left, however, no doubt as to the intentions of its representatives in this matter.

From the commencement of his career as Premier, M. Combes had declared himself bound to carry out the policy of Waldeck-Rousseau. In the early summer of 1903, the father of the Law on Associations expressed his dissent from the manner and method of its application and from the fantastic and illegal interpretation put upon the law by his professed pupil. Among other things, M. Waldeck-Rousseau sharply criticised the practice of leaving to the Chamber of Deputies to decide the fate of religious congregations whose applications should have been referred to both houses of Parliament. He pointed out that the law provided for a fair, considerate judgment of each separate request of every congregation, to which provision the actual practice of grouping together, by a commission of the Chamber of Deputies, of all applications was utterly opposed. He summed up the whole situation by the remark: "*This law was a law of control; they have made of it a law of exclusion.*" Under the French constitution, however, there is no judicial tribunal with jurisdiction, or power, to pass upon the constitutionality of parliamentary acts, and no court that can put an end to a policy of the Executive, even when that policy is subversive of every constitutional right and liberty.

With such powers as the French tribunals possess, judicial conceptions of liberty of speech, or action, illustrated by decisions of judges and magistrates, are in curious and striking contrast with American ideas of fundamental rights. When President Loubet was passing through Paris, on his return from his visit to England, a lady standing in the street was arrested for shouting: "Down with Combes!" Taken before a magistrate, she was charged with "seditious cries," and sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, which sentence was subsequently suspended. In the

department of the Oise, a man was arrested and condemned to a similar sentence for calling out: "Down with the sub-prefect!" and he had to serve his term of imprisonment. In a conference in Fécamp, M. Barillier, Municipal Councillor of Paris, characterized President Loubet as a "soft-headed ninny." For this he was prosecuted and found guilty of an "insult to a magistrate of the administrative order." The criminal court of Dieppe sentenced him to six months' imprisonment. The case was appealed and the judgment of the court of Dieppe was confirmed by the court of Rouen. The case was again appealed to the Court of Cassation, the highest in France. This Supreme Court of Appeal reversed the decision of the two lower courts on the ground that "it had not been shown that M. Loubet, the insulted magistrate, had had cognizance of the incriminating epithet," and the case was referred to the court of Orleans for re-hearing. This last tribunal ordered an inquiry to ascertain if M. Loubet knew that he had been characterized as a "soft-headed ninny." An officer of the court of Orleans was dispatched to Paris and he called at the Elysée palace to settle this important point. President Loubet refused to make a direct response and is reported to have said, informally: "Do they wish to bore me still with that *affaire?*" The emissary from the court of Orleans returned home, very much perplexed. The case had already run on for fully a year and, up to the middle of July, 1903, the learned tribunal of Orleans had not been able to render a decision. How it was eventually settled I do not know.

To give a detailed history of the confiscation of property of all the scattered, dispersed and persecuted congregations of men and women, and of the forced sales at an enormous loss to the legitimate owners, would fill a volume by itself. Although the scheme of robbery, by and for the State, at first advocated, was abandoned, the community, or congregation, as such, is just as effectually robbed under terms of the Law on Associations as at present carried out. Individual members could claim their dowries, and benefactors recover their benefactions, if the property happened to realize enough at forced sale to make this possible.

In two notable speeches, delivered at Marseilles in August, 1903, M. Combes rendered an account of his stewardship, as President of the Ministerial Council, Minister of the Interior and

of Public Worship. There was no ambiguity in his words, or uncertainty as to his intentions, or those of his supporters. Addressing himself to a congress of teachers of the State schools, he declared:

"The State has decreed the secularization of primary instruction. For this end certain measures of transition were judged necessary and accepted; but the matter is being brought to a conclusion. To do so Parliament takes into its own control the education of young people. In a little while congregational instruction will be a thing of the past. It is the teacher, functionary of the State, who will gather the inheritance."

In the following words, M. Combes charged teachers of the secularized schools with their high and holy mission of imparting knowledge, impregnated with "lay" morality, without dogma and without God:

"It is to the teachers that the Republic confides the mission to cause this light to descend from loftiest heights down to the lowest strata of the people. Thanks to their efficiency its rays will efface the traditional differences that some would maintain between different classes of society, and they will raise the lowliest to a moral level which will justify the grand claims from the assertion of which human weakness is deterred. I am fully convinced that you will be in the future what you have been in the past, *apostles of the Republican idea, ministers of a new worship, which has liberty for an altar, for dogma the duties of the citizen, and conscience and human reason for revelation from on high.*"

In his second speech, at a banquet following the congress, M. Combes summarized the work he had accomplished, up to August 9, 1903, in crushing out religious congregations (*i. e.*, of women), "We are bringing together, at this moment," he said, "the digest of the laws concerning these congregations; hereafter Parliament can take its time in the consideration of points which are of a less pressing interest, for they bear mostly upon distinct unities, that is to say the individual existence of these congregations. Therefore, Gentlemen, the rough work is done, and the Chambers, whatever the opposition may say, have not lost their time.

"When the Chamber has rejected applications for authorization, emanating from fifty-four congregations of men, it has, with one blow, caused to disappear nineteen hundred and fifteen establishments, and when it has pronounced against eighty teaching congregations of women, it has thereby closed five hundred and sixteen establishments. In a word, its decisions have been fatal to two thousand four hundred and thirty-one establishments.

"The task of the President of the Council extended to a number of establishments five times greater; he had to decide upon twelve thousand six hundred and eleven documents; each of these documents demanded special study, because of the separate conditions of existence of the establishments, since the particular reasons of the applications for authorization varied in each case. This study commenced the day following the formation of the Ministry and it has continued, from day to day, according to a uniform method.

"I have said that I had had to go through twelve thousand six hundred and eleven briefs. This total was divided into nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-four teaching establishments, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six asylums, eight hundred and twenty-two mixed establishments devoted to teaching and refuge work. I have not been able as yet to examine the situation of one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six establishments giving asylum, of which there is a certain number which, under a philanthropic pretext, maintain a mercantile or industrial character. These we shall soon have subjected to examination.

"Of the nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-four establishments of education, there are eleven hundred and seventy which are situated in departments in which there are as yet (I am ashamed to acknowledge it) no public schools; others do not allow us sufficient scholastic accommodation to receive pupils of the congregational schools; I have been obliged therefore to postpone the closing of certain establishments, and I am about to direct the communes to put themselves in accord with the law, allowing them for this a strict time limit.

"I have decided definitely regarding *seven thousand five hundred and sixty-seven establishments*, and *I have rejected their applications for authorization.* It belongs to my colleague, the Minister of Public Instruction, to secularize, as soon as possible, the public schools to the number of five hundred and ninety-seven which are yet kept by congregations. As to the mixed establishments, I have given orders

to the director of public worship that they be forbidden to be placed on an equality with the communal school. And I will not hesitate to suppress them if they do not submit to this condition."

It will be remembered that M. Combes stated that, "when the Chamber declared the illegal existence of eighty teaching congregations of women, it closed by that very fact five hundred and sixteen establishments." Yet less than six weeks before, the Chamber, by a majority of sixteen (six being votes of the Cabinet), resolved upon its course on the ground of M. Combes' promise that in his person the government pledged itself to abstain from applying the measure to those establishments which were in reality *asylums.* That promise was insincerely made to gain votes. In less than six weeks later, he publicly boasted that, *by the act of the Chamber these establishments are closed.*

The destruction of these educational establishments having been decreed very near the summer vacation, M. Combes was relieved of the necessity of driving from their homes and school houses all these teaching sisters. Exclusive of the pupils taught by the religious up to the present term, the number of Catholic children who will be left without prospect of religious education, on June 2, 1903, by government destruction of Catholic schools, was seventy-nine thousand one hundred and thirty-nine. These are the government figures, which, though open to suspicion, may be accepted for comparison of results. The number was enormously increased, during the autumn of 1903, when the five hundred and sixteen establishments last closed were unable, for the most part, to re-open, even with lay teachers. According to official accounts there were altogether one hundred and fifty thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven Catholic children placed at the mercy of the public to furnish them instruction. Of this number the government (by its own figures), received into the secularized State schools which are taught by teachers who are sometimes infidel and occasionally worse, seventy-one thousand five hundred and eighty-eight scholars, leaving without education the large number I have quoted.

In August, 1903, M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had hitherto managed to evade personal responsibility for broken pledges given to the Holy See regarding Catholic schools,

acting on behalf of M. Combes and the Minister of Public Instruction, forced the Bey of Tunis, whose country is under a French "protectorate," to close up four schools conducted by religious congregations and largely attended by Italians and Maltese. Thus, whilst M. Delcassé obliges the Sultan of Turkey to respect congregational schools because they may be regarded as extending French influence in the East, he ruthlessly crushes out Catholic schools, built up by Salesian and Marist Brothers, in Tunis, where France maintains a "protectorate" over Mahommedans.

The Radical and Socialistic majority has not been satisfied with trampling down civil and religious liberty in the school, the home, and in the private life of the citizen. Through the infidel Minister of War, General André, the anti-religious majority has entered upon what promises to become a method of national suicide, by reversing the army regulations which, until recent years, every Ministry of the third Republic had respected. The government policy hitherto has been to strengthen the army by bettering its organization, above all, by keeping it apart from politics and maintaining a vigorous discipline. But the Socialists are irreconcilable adversaries of standing armies as a menace to the idea of an international brotherhood. A united army might prevent the abolition of the right of private property and collective ownership. It is not possible to do away with the army, but it is possible to destroy its influence by sowing insubordination and a mutinous spirit in the ranks, and the Minister of War, General André, has done his part in promoting this method of national self-destruction through his intense hatred of religion. There are numerous instances of opposition fostered against officers of irreproachable character, who, despite noble records, were displaced, their brilliant careers broken, and in some cases even the charitable actions of their Catholic wives used to force their transfer to other commands. It is sufficient to quote from the *Gaulois* the words of warning uttered by General Passerieu, to the officers of his army corps: "I warn you, Gentlemen, that those among you who *will not withdraw their sons or daughters from religious institutions* will be immediately stricken from the roll of advancement and *will never pass to the superior grade.*"

M. Pelletan, Minister of the Navy in the Combes Cabinet, has coöperated to the fullest extent possible in the work of de-Christianizing the navy. Shortly before Easter of 1903 he ordered the closing of all naval chapels in the maritime ports of France. This, of course, included the arsenal of Lorient, which comprises several naval and engineering schools where many Catholic youths are quartered. As all the students in these schools are forbidden to leave the buildings until Sunday afternoon, the closing of the chapels deprives them of Mass. Simultaneously special orders were issued to the maritime prefects regarding the treatment of chaplains who attended the sick and dying sailors. Priests or ministers were forbidden "to enter hospitals or prisons, except when called for;" they were not to hold conversation with any persons except those who had sent for them. "The offices, prayers, and all other practices of worship are forbidden in the hospitals, with the exception of *the administration of the Sacraments to those persons who expressly desired this service and who are known to be in danger of death. Only when the sick person in danger of death* has expressed the desire to converse with a minister of his faith, this wish will be complied with." *Chaplains are no longer to be lodged or fed* in the maritime hospitals or their annexes. Save only in particular cases, naval "*chaplains will not be embarked for sea service* except upon ships destined to *serve in war* and flying the flag of the General Officer."

M. Combes has been publicly advised by the Masonic fraternity as to what is expected of him in the future, and the same will be required of his successor. At a sectional celebration at Saintes, a delegation of Masonic lodges waited upon M. Combes and presented their congratulations upon his action respecting the religious congregations. "You have," said M. Talbot, their spokesman, "already rid us of unauthorized congregations. There remains more to do. *It is absolutely necessary to rid us of all the congregations.* In this act you will have the *coöperation of all Masons.*" In responding to these felicitations, M. Combes said, among other things, that he was always of opinion that the "*Masonic lodges are destined to complete the work commenced by the primary school.*"

The work is incomplete, but progressive, and M. Combes has foreshadowed the aim set before himself and his anti-religious majority. "This is," he said, "a combat without mercy, not between men, but between principles. I am resolved to pursue it to the bitter end, to secure the triumph of the republican spirit over the clerical spirit." That is to say, after the expulsion of the religious congregations we will turn our attention to the undoing of the secular clergy and the hierarchy. Some have thought that the downfall of Catholicism would make for the upbuilding of Protestantism, but in this they delude themselves. The object is to root out Christianity. M. Aulard, professor at the Sorbonne (University of Paris), has frankly announced the end aimed at. "We wish," he said, "*to destroy religion!*"

To many persons it may appear strange that the Church in France does not cut loose from the State and maintain the life of a free Church in a free State. But the fact is that the socialistic element which controls the present State would never leave the Church real freedom of any kind. Americans have no conception of the French idea of a "police of worship." The Paris paper *Le Radical*, in its issue of May 18, 1903, represents the ideas of French voters regarding freedom of worship:

"The representatives of the separation of Church and State understand the exercise of liberty of conscience to consist merely in the freedom to worship within the interior of their homes; no exterior sign of religion is to be tolerated to wound the sensibilities of persons of different opinions. In consequence, no cross upon the churches, no images of saints at the door; nothing which indicates the place reserved for worship; no pastor, no public call to church, and hence, *a fortiori*, no ringing of church-bells. M. de Pressensé, needless to say, does not go to the extreme of prohibiting exterior marks; he would allow, on the contrary, the ringing of bells, provided it be regulated by municipal decree."

The M. de Pressensé quoted is parliamentary deputy from the Rhône, and a Protestant. He has presented in Parliament a plan of separation of Church and State, which is not altogether beyond the possibility of being ultimately adopted, at least in a modified form. His plan is not merely to withdraw from the

Catholic Church the subsidies she has received since the acceptance of the Concordat of 1802; but to make it further impossible for her to exist, even after her own fashion and by her own resources. He believes, to use the words of the journal *L'Action*, that "if the separation is not designed to be an engine of war against the Church, it has no purpose, and we might as well retain the *status quo*."

F. W. PARSONS.

Paris, France.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER X.—THE COLLEGE.

THE next morning at half-past four—it was Thursday, the tenth of October, 1854, I will never forget the date—Charles came to wake me up. He had to make several attempts before I was roused, for I was sleeping very heavily. The long tramp of the previous day, and the grief which had kept me awake half the night, had quite exhausted me. When I did awake, it was to the consciousness of the sad reality, and I once more began to weep bitterly. Marguerite had not gone to bed at all. She had worked all night long, marking my linen and preparing my clothes. Sorrow and fatigue had quite altered her usual appearance. Her affection for her unruly brother was so deep and tender that nothing but the conviction of her imperative duty in the matter could have induced her to part with him. How very dear I cost her!

I realized perfectly that she was doing herself violence in agreeing to this separation, and I made one last effort.

"If you love me, why do you send me away?" I said, clinging with my arms around her neck.

"If you had been good, I would not have let you go for anything in the world. But it is God's will. It is my duty. There is no use in your persisting."

She spoke with such energy and firmness that I saw the matter was settled beyond recall. Then in revenge I sulked, and obstinately refused to eat anything, though everyone begged and implored me to do so.

My aunt was displeased and disappointed. She was proud of me because I was strong and hearty, enterprising and fearless, and bade fair to become a "crack shot."

"Why do you want to make a city gentleman and a good-for-nothing of him?" she said, impatiently. "You scold him for running about the country from morning until night. Will you like it any better to have him trapesing up and down the boulevards with a cigar between his teeth, or loafing in the cafés? You are making a mistake, children, but it is your own look-out. Charles is his guardian, and I have nothing to say. As for you, little one," she continued, "don't worry over it. This year will pass as others have before, and perhaps, if you are a good boy, they won't send you back again. But you will always be a real Vendéan, eh? Never deny your principles or blush for your country."

"Don't be afraid, aunt," I said, resolutely; "I will be a Vendéan to my dying day." Then I whispered in her ear: "You'll send me word how old Courteau gets on, won't you, and whether the partridge broods come out all right?"

"Yes, yes, my boy," she said, and hurried away to hide her tears, of which she was very much ashamed.

And now it was time to start. I went to say good-bye to Tom, who watched me disappear with sad longing in his eyes. Then I got into the little phaeton where Charles was already seated, and we were just about to go when Rose came running, all out of breath, with an enormous basket of provisions, which she pushed under the seat.

"You must make the little fellow eat something, Monsieur Charles," the poor woman said, with a break in her voice. "It's a great risk to be carrying a child of his age to such a far-away place. He hasn't enough shirts, either, I am certain. Do they wash their clothes at Yon (Lyons), Monsieur Charles? Is there plenty of water there?"

This unsophisticated query made me laugh in spite of my tears.

"Poor little fellow!" the old woman continued. "Will he ever come back?"

"Of course he will, Rose," said Charles. "I will bring him back myself in August, and you will see how much he will have grown."

"Poor child! What's he going to eat? August! You are only fooling me. I'll be dead and gone before he ever comes back!"

Then Cillette had to take leave of me, too. "Well! Good-bye to you, master," said the poor girl. "Try and have a good time. They say it's a fine place. Be sure and let us know how you get on."

Marguerite kissed me once more, and her tears fell on my forehead. Suddenly she turned to Charles and said: "Now go. Let us have it over. I cannot stand any more."

Charles gathered up the reins, and Fanfan darted forward like an arrow. We had Lexis with us; he was to take the horse and wagon back to Mesnil that evening.

We quickly covered the eighteen miles to Angers, and as I had somewhat regained my spirits, I did full justice to the breakfast which Charles had ordered at the "Lion d'Or." We reserved Rose's provisions for the long journey still before us. At last, at nine o'clock, after taking leave of Lexis, charging him with a thousand and one messages and saying good-bye to Fanfan, whom I kissed tenderly on the tip of his nose, we got into the express train for Paris. At six that evening we reached the capital. (The trains were not as fast then as they are now.) I had often longed to see that wonderful Paris, about which I had heard so much, but Charles rightly judged that the present would be an ill-chosen time in which to give me a treat, so we had our dinner in the restaurant at the railway terminal. Then we took a cab for the Lyons station.

The next morning at ten o'clock we were at our destination. Lucie was there to meet us, and gave me a most affectionate greeting. We got into the carriage which was drawn by two magnificent blooded horses. They had been champing their bits and snorting with impatience at the entrance to the station, and the coachman had hardly been able to control them. They started off like the wind directly we were seated, and soon brought us to the Route des Étroits and the residence of Monsieur Robert, Charles' father-in-law. Lucie proudly showed me her two babies, Jeanne and Madeleine. Jeanne was three years old, Madeleine seven months; and the latter had that morning cut her first tooth.

Think of the delight of papa and mamma! That day it happened that I had quite a bad toothache, and I said to Lucie, laughing, "You are very foolish to be so glad because she is getting teeth. Perhaps the poor little thing will be sorry she has them some day."

I must add that my two nieces said "How d'ye do" to their Uncle Paul in the sweetest way in the world, according to the opinion of their fond mother, and they made friends at once, and did not want to go away.

Lucie had arranged a pretty room for me, which overlooked a large and beautiful garden planted with noble trees. She had furnished the room with everything she could think of that was likely to please a boy of my age. While I was freshening up a bit after the journey, I heard her talking to Charles in the next room.

"And now I hope he will soon feel at home, poor child!" she said.

"My dear," responded Charles, "you are very much mistaken if you imagine that by loading him with attentions and presents, as you are doing, you will correct his faults and make a man of him! That is not the way to set about it. The boy has got to suffer. In other words, he must eat humble pie. If you are going to spoil him like this, it would have been better to let him run wild in Anjou, where the air is more wholesome than it is here in Lyons. I had best put him in boarding-school at once."

"Oh, no! Don't do that. At least let him dine and sleep here. It is bad enough for a child who has been accustomed to run about as he pleased to be shut up within four walls all day long. He really must come home at seven."

"Very well," said Charles, "I am willing to try it; but if, by the first of January, he does not show some improvement, I tell you positively I will put him in boarding-school. I promised Marguerite. She understands these matters better than you do. If you are going to bring your own children up this way, I am very much afraid they will turn out to be selfish and worthless."

I knew very well at the bottom of my heart that Charles and Marguerite were right, but I had not the courage to fall in with their ideas, though I believed them to be wisest. I understood

perfectly that there was one person on my side whose support I could count on, and I looked forward to getting a great deal out of my indulgent, kind-hearted, but far too yielding sister-in-law.

At luncheon I saw for the first time Monsieur Robert, who also welcomed me heartily, and who was to take me to see the Superior of the school I intended to enter.

The Collège Saint-Irénée, newly established under favor of the law of 1850 respecting freedom of instruction, was now in the fourth year of its existence. Opened in 1851 with fifty pupils, at the time of which I speak it had two hundred and fifty on the rolls. At first only very young boys were admitted, the most advanced being in the sixth grade, so that now the highest class in the school was only in the third grade. It was this class which I was to join.

Monsieur Robert, who was immensely wealthy, looked upon it as a duty to support Catholic enterprises, especially those in his own city, and it was he who had provided the funds necessary for the foundation of the new college.

Abbé Lefort, the Rector of Saint-Irénée, received Monsieur Robert as a friend and patron of the institution. I was entered at once for the class of the third grade, and it was decided that I should begin next day as a day-boarder. Monsieur Robert, like Charles, was of the opinion that I ought from the very start to have the benefit of boarding-school discipline, but he had, like his son-in-law, yielded to the persuasions of Lucie, who had successfully pleaded in my behalf. I was to take the omnibus in the morning at half-past seven, so as to be in time to assist at Mass, which the pupils attended every day. I would take breakfast at Saint-Irénée with my schoolmates, and return after the evening study-hour, which was over at half-past six. Charles' orderly was to meet me at the door of the college and escort me home, thus anticipating any temptation to run about the streets.

The Rector treated me with fatherly kindness. He showed me over the building himself, and introduced me to my future professor, Abbé Duval, and to the prefects of studies and recreation, Messieurs Renard and Leroy. I was not at all displeased with my first impressions, for these gentlemen all seemed very

agreeable, and acted as if they liked me already, but my heart sank within me when I realized that I must stay all day long in these class-rooms, or in the quadrangle, and that there was now no escape from study. There I must sit without moving for hours and hours on these lovely October mornings, when it is so good to be in the country; when the forests are arrayed anew in the varied splendors of autumn; the furrows, freshly opened by the plow, are covered with a silver network of cobwebs; the wine of Anjou already sparkles in the crimson clusters on the banks of the Loire; a violet mist, gilded by the rising sun, hangs over the meadows; the red partridge calls in clear notes to the echo; the first woodcocks stop by the gently flowing brook, and the wild ducks begin to utter their shrill cries above the pools and marshes.

It was all over. No more would I rock in my little boat while the swift, clear waters of the Gemme swept me on their rapid current down to the golden waves of the Loire. I would wander no more in the woods, drinking in the fine, pure air. From morning until night I must work at themes and translations, translations and themes. I must learn lessons without end, sit still for whole hours and listen to wearisome instructions. Then I counted on my fingers: Third Grade, Second Grade, Rhetoric, Philosophy! Four years it would take! Four years in prison! Ah, but it was hard! And there was no way out of it. Charles had made up his mind, and I knew that settled the matter, and thought myself fortunate to have escaped boarding-school. I resolved to make the best of things and to go to work seriously.

Unfortunately, my good resolutions soon vanished into thin air, and it must be confessed that circumstances were anything but favorable to them. Monsieur Robert entertained frequently at dinner and in the evening, and there was constant coming and going in the house. I nearly always went to bed very late, so I did not get up until a few minutes before the omnibus which took me to school was due, that is, I rose at about a quarter past seven, so I had no time to say my prayers, or look over my lessons. These continual distractions were not likely to foster the love of study in a boy of my disposition—ever on the look-out for diversion and fresh pleasures.

On Thursdays the outside pupils and day-boarders had a holi-

day, consequently, on that day I was absolute master of my time and my acts. Charles, who had just been made staff-officer by the general in command at Lyons, was nearly always absent on duty, and my sister-in-law had full charge of me, that is to say, I did just about as I pleased. Poor Lucie, who was not firm enough to refuse me the least thing, gave me money every week—a great deal of money, and so by degrees I acquired luxurious and foolish tastes. She indulged all my whims, even the most expensive, saying, at the same time, "Now, Paul, if you do not behave better than this I shall be in conscience bound to tell Charles, and he will put you in boarding-school." I knew very well what her threats amounted to.

And then I was allowed to roam about the streets alone, when returning from the college and on Thursdays. Charles' orderly was supposed to go with me, but I soon found means to get rid of him. A little money which I had saved, or some tobacco, was generally enough to make him relax his vigilance, and truth to tell, he was only too glad to go about his business and rejoin his comrades. I think parents make a great mistake in trusting the care of their children to a man-servant or a lady's maid. These people, I know by experience, discharge this grave duty in a very careless manner for the most part. It is not surprising that they should, when we remember that parents themselves too often lack vigilance in this regard.

Left to myself, I made undesirable acquaintances, I read books and newspapers which never should have come within my reach; in short, I was on a most dangerous downward path, and it was only by a special grace of Divine Providence that I did not at that period of my life lose my faith.

At school, things did not go much better. Although most of my classmates were older than I, I was by far the tallest and strongest of them all, which gave me unquestioned superiority in their eyes. Boys are almost always incapable of appreciating intellectual capacity in a companion. They set much higher value on his height, his muscular development and his physical qualities in general. A strong, athletic boy, even if he be at the bottom of his class, has almost always considerable influence over the other students, and if his character is vicious, his companionship becomes

a real danger to them. The danger is still greater, if to the physical advantage of such a boy be added unusual intelligence or, still worse, a quick, brilliant mind.

The day I began at Saint-Irénée the class was at work at a Latin translation. I had read Latin a great deal with Marguerite, and she had taught me to translate accurately, so it was mere child's play to me to understand and render into French the passage dictated by the professor. The next Monday I was put at the head of the class, and was praised by Abbé Duval and the Superior. I was very proud and pleased with myself, and instead of my success being an incentive to further effort, I concluded that I could keep at the head of the class without exerting myself.

These circumstances combined to give me great ascendancy over my classmates, and, unhappily, I made very bad use of it. Still, I thank God that I did not set them a really vicious example, although I was the cause of much disorder and lack of discipline in the first division, which at that time composed the third and fourth grades. I played all sorts of jokes and tricks in the study-hall, the class-room and at recreation. These efforts at being funny, without being actually bad, were, for the most part, rather silly; but they inspired, nevertheless, much applause from the gallery, which served to increase my vanity. It is not generally appreciated what a desire, or rather passion, some children have for provoking others to laughter, for attracting the attention of their companions by some word, gesture, or attitude. I was fast becoming a serious detriment to Saint-Irénée.

I was several times lectured in a fatherly manner, and, as my delinquencies became more and more frequent, I was threatened with more vigorous measures. I only escaped expulsion a few weeks after I had entered the college by reason of the extreme leniency of the Rector and his reluctance to displease Monsieur Robert, the founder of the institution. I owe it to Abbé Lefort to add, however, that he was a very conscientious man, and if he had thought my presence at Saint-Irénée to be a source of danger to the moral welfare of the children confided to his care, he would not have hesitated an instant to send me home to my guardians. God be praised, there was no such danger; but at the same time I was very troublesome, and it required the greatest patience on

the part of my teachers to retain me in the school. Moreover, the professors and prefects were not the only ones who had complaints to make. Charges were also forthcoming from other quarters, for there was no end to the tricks I invented to torment the passers-by, the shopkeepers, and the servants.

It was a considerable walk from Saint-Irénée to Monsieur Robert's home, and as the supervision of the nurses and footmen amounted to little or nothing, my schoolmates and I were free to put into practice every mischievous notion that entered our brains.

One day we smeared the bell-pulls with grease or preserves, so that the cats and dogs of the neighborhood jumped and pulled at them with all their might to lick it off, and the result was a clanging of bells which set the footmen and housemaids wild with rage. Or perhaps some fine lady would come along, and soil her gloves in pulling the bell. Then she would break forth in loud exclamations of disgust, while we, hidden somewhere near by, would laugh immoderately at her discomfort.

One time we managed, with much trouble, to obtain—I do not remember how—the addresses of all the hump-backs in town. Then we had a circular printed inviting Monsieur, Madame, or Mademoiselle So-and-so, as the case might be, to come on a certain day (a Thursday, of course), at exactly three in the afternoon to the Place Bellecour, where they would receive an important communication. We addressed this letter to all the owners of humps of more or less prominence. Considering the natural curiosity of the human race, it was reasonable to expect that a good many people would respond to the invitation.

Nothing could be more ludicrous than the aspect of the Place Bellecour on the afternoon of Thursday, December 2d, in the year of grace 1854! Hump-backs approached along all the converging streets. The first arrivals began to walk up and down, awaiting the hour named. Soon watches were pulled out and consulted, then there were signs of impatience. At length they began to look at one another, question each other, exhibit their invitations and move about with ever increasing agitation, and when the swelling tide of humps of every sort, size, manner, and description gradually made manifest the practical joke of which they were the victims,—such a concert of exclamations and male-

dictions as arose! The poor creatures called out the police, who could only stand helpless, unable to control their laughter. No more could the public in general, who were amused and interested spectators of this truly remarkable scene, hide their mirth. As for us, the rascally originators of the impromptu masquerade, we were by no means the least gay of the assemblage.

Another time we ordered a bath at every bath-house in town, with directions that they be taken to certain of our schoolmates whose particular virtue was not cleanliness. You can picture to yourself the result. All these "carriers of water," appearing from every direction with their clattering paraphernalia, and pushing up the stairways in spite of protests from the janitors; then the subsequent altercations with the servants, and the excitement of the people of the neighborhood, with all the attendant incidents, may be imagined.

Again—and this was a more ghastly joke—every coffin-maker and undertaker in Lyons received a notice of the death of a certain Monsieur X (who was very much alive), of a certain street and number, with the request to repair at once to that address for the purpose of conferring with the family on the subject of the funeral arrangements. Imagine the result! But enough of these and similar pranks.

At Monsieur Robert's I was the despair of the cooks, to whose pots and pans I helped myself for the purpose of repeating the chemical experiments of Abbé Haron, our Professor. At that time the elements of chemistry were taught in the Third Grade. To this day I can see big, fat Victoire, the famous head cook of the establishment, going to Lucie with her bitter but perfectly justifiable complaints of my performances in her department. "And the worst part of it is, Madame," she concluded, solemnly, "that it is the Reverend Fathers that teach them these dirty tricks!"

She even went so far one day as to waylay Abbé Haron when he went to see Monsieur Robert. She reproached him in stinging terms for the bad habits he was instilling in his pupils. The poor priest, to whom this philippic was a complete surprise, was quite taken aback by the outburst.

Some time later my capers were the cause of a mortifying mistake on the part of the poor woman. I was in the habit of pulling

the bell with all my might when I came home, with the intention of making a racket and teasing the maids. One afternoon about the time I usually arrived from school, a fearful clang resounded through the servants' quarters. "That's Monsieur Paul again, for sure!" cried the irritated cook, and she rushed out in a fury to the garden gate, which she flung open with an angry exclamation.

"I've caught you this time, you little villain!" said she, when what was her horror to find herself face to face with Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons and Primate of France, who had come in state to pay Monsieur Robert a visit. He was accompanied by his private secretary, and it was this good priest who had jerked the bell-pull with force enough to set the great bell of the cathedral in motion.

The unfortunate Victoire stood for an instant stupefied and speechless. When she came to her senses, she dropped down on her knees and exclaimed, "Forgive me, Your Eminence. It is Monsieur Paul's fault! Your Eminence rang so loud I was sure it was he."

The Cardinal laughed heartily at the incident, and straightway related it to Monsieur Robert, who proceeded to rehearse a number of my other pranks. They laughed, but I do not think they should have done so, for such mischievousness and idleness foreboded no good.

It was the custom at Saint-Irénée to prepare for the feast of Christmas by a three days' retreat. This year it was given by a Dominican, Father C. His instructions made a vivid impression on me. I went to see him several times, and God caused these interviews to be the means of rousing me to serious reflection. The good Father pointed out to me the danger I was in, and the pitfalls in my path. The misdemeanors I have described were not, it is true, very grave in themselves, but they diverted my attention from serious things, engendered a dislike for work, and were the occasions of a great many acts which were contrary to obedience, charity, and the respect due my superiors. I saw, too, that my idleness and frivolity were a pernicious example to my schoolmates, for which I would some day have to give account. Above all—and this was a great grace—I realized the danger I incurred from promiscuous reading and by associating with certain ac-

quaintances of doubtful character. As a consequence, I experienced real sorrow for my sins and a sincere desire to conquer myself, but I knew very well that, with my fickle and eager disposition, it would be very hard indeed for me to avoid committing the same sins again. The good priest encouraged me. He reminded me of the proverb, "God helps those who help themselves."

"If you were really generous in spirit," he added, "I would propose to you a means, a most excellent means, for your advance, but I am very much afraid you are too cowardly to adopt it."

I blushed up to my eyes. This reproach, to the truth of which conscience might have testified, seemed to me a grave injustice.

"You are French?" the priest went on.

"Yes, Father."

"And from what part of France?"

"From Vendée," I said, lifting my head proudly.

"Ah! From Vendée! Then you ought to be brave indeed. But you must remember that, more than all this, you are a Christian, that is, a follower of Jesus Christ, who loved you even to the death of the Cross. Can I count on you for a really generous effort?"

"Yes, Father."

"Very well, my child! Since you yourself realize that it is the absence of supervision and the complete freedom of action you enjoy, which are the most fruitful causes of your wrong-doings [I had frankly laid bare the situation to him], take, as they say, heart of grace, and of your own accord ask your parents, I mean your brother and sister, who stand in their stead, to place you here as a boarder after the holidays."

I remained silent for several seconds. It was a great sacrifice I was asked to make. Only the day before, Lucie had come to me in triumph to announce that she had pleaded successfully, and that I would not be sent to boarding-school until after Easter. "That means not at all," she added, with a significant smile.

"I do not like to promise, Father," I said to the priest. "I am afraid I might not keep my word."

"You are right not to say you will do it, my boy," said he,

"unless you have the firm determination to be faithful to your agreement. Think it over this evening, and pray that you may decide aright, and then come and tell me what you will do."

I left the room and went to join my school-fellows who were at recreation. I dreaded the sacrifice demanded of me, and sought to avoid thinking of it, but the more I tried to put it out of my mind, the more persistently I was conscious of it. "You must—You ought—It is God's will."

In the chapel, in the study-hall, in the refectory, at my play, I was constantly assailed by that one thought to which I did not wish to yield, although I saw clearly that it was necessary.

At that time I had very lively faith, and the great truths of religion made a profound and wholesome impression on my mind. All of a sudden I remembered what Marguerite had told me over and again, that the greatest difficulties can be overcome by prayer. I went into the chapel, and kneeling down before the Blessed Sacrament, I begged our Lord to give me fortitude and to help me to save my soul. Soon I became quite calm, and I saw clearly how, with God's grace, I could do that which a short time before had seemed impossible. I went back to the Dominican Father, and promised that I would ask that same evening to be sent as a boarder to Saint-Irénée. He congratulated me upon my courage, and told me to thank God for it, and I left him with a light heart. I kept my word, and as soon as I entered the house I resolutely made known my determination. Charles was overjoyed, for he had been secretly reproaching himself for his lack of firmness, and Lucie said no more about it. The matter was settled, and the next day Abbé Lefort, in spite of some misgivings which were certainly justifiable, agreed to take me as a boarder after the Christmas holidays.

God rewarded the sacrifice I made, and from that time on I became a good student. My mental energy, no longer wasted on countless frivolities, could now be concentrated on serious occupations, and, as I had a very good memory and learned easily, I soon acquired such a taste for study that I was surprised that I had never before realized its charm and its usefulness.

Thanks to Marguerite, I was prepared to make a very good showing in the Third Grade, and I was soon among the foremost

scholars. My kind teachers, delighted at this unlooked-for improvement, in every manner helped me to persevere in my undertaking. As for Marguerite, after all her anxiety and fears about my future, she was now happy beyond measure, and the letters she wrote me at that time (I was so careless as to lose them) reflected the joy with which her loving heart was filled. The testimony of a good conscience made me, too, experience quiet satisfaction and profound peace of mind. I was happy. It was a real conversion.

Ah! Why was I so mad as to wander once more, and so far, from the straight and narrow way which led to peace in this world and happiness in the next? But the time has not yet come to speak of that sad epoch of my life.

I love to look back on my school-days. As a rule, children do not appreciate these years, because they cannot take into account the trials that await them in later life. Of course, school is not without its trouble, sorrow, and weariness. Must we not serve our apprenticeship for the life before us? And what is life but a long warfare? Nevertheless, the insignificant suffering of childhood is not to be compared with that which we must face as we grow older, and our rest is broken with grave anxieties, and we are weighed down by responsibilities, and have to bear the loss of our loved ones. But children can form no adequate idea of such things, and that is why the trials of youth seem to them so bitter.

I do not wish to give the impression by what I have just written that I consider, as a fixed rule, boarding-school better than day-school. That is not my opinion. I am thoroughly convinced that where the family is truly Christian, and the parents look upon the training of the mind and heart of the child as their paramount duty, it would be most unwise to withdraw the child from that home influence which is so completely in accord with the designs of Providence. The father and mother are, both in the spiritual order and in the natural order, the first instructors of the child. They have, as no one else can have, *the grace peculiar to their state in life*, which fits them to direct the unfolding of his intelligence and the formation of his character, since it is primarily to them that God has given the mission of guiding him in this temporal life and fitting him for eternity.

If the training received at home is conscientious, and the parents are *in every respect* equal to their task, the ideal plan is for the child to acquire the necessary instruction without leaving the home atmosphere. Let him attend during the day to the instruction of his teachers, and study under their supervision, so that he may gradually learn to work by himself; let his mental and moral faculties be properly exercised, and let him acquire self-control by the daily intercourse in school and at play with his companions. But when evening comes, let him return to his home and to the influence exerted by the example of a Christian father and a Christian mother. Their lessons are the most efficacious of all, for they are indelibly graven upon his heart. Thus the teaching at school goes hand in hand with that of the home and supplements and develops it. This is the truth in theory; but in practice the contrary conclusion is generally reached.

If the training received from the parents be not solidly Christian, which is only too often the case, the mother only being pious and the father either actually opposed to religion or merely indifferent to it, the home atmosphere will not be wholesome for the child. If the head of the house takes the name of God in vain or ignores Him completely, grave scandal is most certainly the result, and though it is possible that a child might reach the age of twelve or thirteen without knowing that his father did not attend to his religious duties, still the time would surely come when the truth would burst upon him, and at that moment his faith would suffer a terrible blow.[1]

Many do not resist it. But what is to be said when the habits of the father tend to falsify the conscience of the child by the example of vice in the person of one whom he is bound to respect?

Even supposing that the family is all that it should be, and the whole household, masters and servants alike, live up to their faith, there still remains danger from without. There are the people who frequent the house to be considered, friends and relatives, and whether they are a source of danger by word or

[1] The bad example which blights a young heart is often the work of servants, whom parents take into their homes without due precautions. Then there is the danger of allowing children free access to the library where they may read books, magazines, newspapers and look upon pictures which, to say the least, do not always respect the innocence of childhood.

example. Then consider the streets and public places of the city in which you live. In our days, especially in the large centres, vice flaunts itself boldly — for it may do so with impunity — in the shop windows, on the walls, in the public parks, in the railway stations, in the form of books, magazines, newspapers and pictures in which neither virtue nor the faith are respected. In such surroundings a child carefully guarded at home runs the greatest risks when he goes out alone.

When faith and morals cannot be sufficiently safeguarded at home, it becomes a plain duty to send the child, if possible, to boarding-school. The parents should then choose a school which is uncompromisingly Christian, where children are taught their duty toward God, and where the discipline is in perfect accord with the divine law and the precepts of the Church.

"But," it may be objected, "evil is to be found everywhere. Institutions conducted by priests or religious are not exempt from it. Wherever a large number of children are gathered together, there are bound to be some who misbehave; so what is the use of taking such pains in the choice of a school? And then if the instruction is enlightened and serious, that is the main point. It is good for a child to have a knowledge of evil early in life, so that he can realize the horror of it and form the habit of resisting it. That is the best way to strengthen his character."

Let us argue that point. The intelligence and will of the child are undeveloped, otherwise his *education* would be complete, which is contrary to the hypothesis, since the very question at issue is how to conduct this education. Therefore, he has not yet come into possession of all his mental and moral faculties. Then, also, original sin must be taken into account, which has corrupted his nature and which inclines him to evil with all the more force in the time of youth, when the newly awakened passions seek their objects with an impetuosity only to be held in check by a wise and careful education and the assistance of divine grace. The young at this time pass through that awful crisis which those who have the care of souls know so well, and which demands the unremitting vigilance of the teacher. The child has the *right*[2] to

[2] This right, by a necessary correlation, involves a corresponding *duty* of *protection* on the part of those to whom Providence has confided the care of the child.

be protected, to be defended against himself during those years fraught with such peril, because as yet his faculties and powers are not complete, and the storm rages with greater fury.

A *supervision* which removes the occasions of grave sin, or, since it is impossible always to avoid the danger, provides that help which makes it possible to conquer it, and a *guidance* which rough-hews the man in the child by enlightening the intelligence and strengthening the will,—these are what are demanded of an educator.

This combination of qualities you will never find in the "non-sectarian" school, which undertakes to be neither for God nor against Him. And why? Because a system of morality which leaves out God has no sure foundation, and because it is impossible to instil sound principles by means of such a system.

It is just as serious an error to suppose that the non-sectarian school is not opposed to God. Did not Jesus Christ say, "He that is not with Me is against Me"? The end of the child, as of the man, is to reach heaven,—to save his soul, and you are never going to speak to him on the subject! You nullify, as a consequence, at the most fateful period of his life, this education which you have undertaken to give him, since you conceal from him the object for which he is in the world, the very reason for his existence here below.

Again, how can the master avoid at times communicating to the minds of his pupils his own ideas, convictions and desires? This he does instinctively without being conscious of it, otherwise he would not be really *master*. And this is why it is of the first importance to choose with care those to whom one confides the souls of one's children.

Without doubt evil does exist in Catholic schools, and even there the eyes and ears of children are assailed by scandal; but how different it is from that which takes place in Godless schools!

In the first place, in Catholic schools the moral standard is much less frequently and less seriously departed from. Vice does not flaunt itself openly, because it has not the freedom of the city: it is regarded as an enemy by the directors of the institution. What is more, the pupils have easy facility for approaching the Sacraments, which provide them with a grace to resist temptation,

or with the power, having fallen, to rise again. They can also at any time consult their spiritual Father for consolation, advice, or encouragement. In such surroundings the average child is able to preserve his soul.

In the infidel or merely neutral schools, which are practically the same thing, breaches of good conduct, if condemned in theory, are often tolerated in practice, sometimes even encouraged (I could cite examples of this), provided that widespread scandal is avoided. Recourse to the Sacraments is attended with such difficulties that one can hardly count on it at all, and so also is the regular direction of the confessor. A child of ordinary virtue in such surroundings will seldom, if ever, persevere.[3]

"This is a long digression," you may say. Perhaps not so far from the point as you imagine. I have seen so many sad things happen, so many young souls enslaved by vice because they had not been protected against it! I have heard so much senseless talk on this subject, and read so many "very successful" works which did not even touch upon the rudiments of the question!

Digression—if you will; I am willing it should be called so, if only it attains the object in view, if only it bears its fruit.

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

FROM A MODERN CHRONICLE OF TOOMEVARA.

TOOMEVARA stands grey and wind-swept on a treeless plain. When the days are dull, the landscape is desolate. Away to the right the Oun runs to the Shannon, grey as its mists, and stream and foreshore share one leaden hue with the sullen sky. In the little town the better houses, built of limestone and roofed with sober slate, the cabins with their meagre, weather-stained thatch and whitewashed walls, add no brightness to the scene, no touch of vivid color. No cosy cottage of warm, time-mellowed brick, no roof of ruddy tiles delights the eye. No luxuriant foliage disguises the bleakness and poverty; there is scarcely a front

[3] True, it is possible for a soul to perfect itself and acquire great merit in the midst of corrupt surroundings, but this result is seldom brought about, and is the effect of a special outpouring of divine grace, which it were presumptuous indeed to count upon, if, by our own fault, we place our children in the midst of such grave dangers.

garden where flowers could bloom, as for the most part doors open directly on the street. The more pretentious dwellings are damp, for limestone weeps, and on wet days water streams over the stepless thresholds. Often for weeks together the rain blurs the panes, and blown in sheets blots out all that is not close at hand; but we do not fear the rain in Toomevara.

When the sun shines, the scene is transfigured. This little world takes on a haunting beauty of its own, not a beauty visible to all strangers and described in all guide books, but a wistful loveliness that lingers in the memory of those who were born amidst it, and that in Manchester slums or the back-blocks of New York fills the old folks with sick longing for home. The tearful smile of an Irish summer charms like the changeful face of an Irish girl.

The mists lift. The Oun sparkles and dimples. A distant, unsuspected mountain chain shows suddenly faint and blue behind the low, wooded hills on the northeast. The beeches and larches of Dunanway, where on fine Sundays the townspeople love to walk, flash gloriously green. In contrast with their verdure the furze lights up amidst the heather a yellow flame that creeps and broadens and flares on the hill side. The earth, indeed, looks dark and sodden, as if it never had time to dry between shower and shower, but the meadow grass that veils it has a freshness indescribable. The thistles amongst it stand erect and unashamed. In June the nettles grow, a rank crop in corners, and often half fill the neglected town gardens. Here and there, up side streets, where a cottage has fallen, they peep above the crumbling walls, nod through the holes that once were windows, crowd the earthen floor where the children trod, and wave above the hearth still black with the smoke of long quenched fires.

Many such ruined cabins are to be seen, not only in the town but by the side of the winding roads leading to Toomevara from the outlying hamlets. On some of the farms where the townspeople graze their cows, the foundations of whole villages may be traced, covered deep in weeds and herbage. Where are those who once lived there?—Gone to America. To-day it is possible to drive for miles in many directions without finding an inhabited

house, and in harvest time the farmers grumble at the scarcity of laborers. They are forced to pay half-a-crown a day and upwards. America is the Land of Promise. Every ploughboy, every servant maid has relations beyond the Atlantic who this year or next are expected to send over their "passage money." Every week in summer amidst pitiful wailing some eighty youths and girls leave the little railway station to catch the Queenstown express. Their fathers and mothers weep out loud, and often some heart-broken woman raises the *Caoine*,[1] the wild, traditional cry for the dead, that those who have once heard can never forget. Sometimes an old man will run alongside the train as it steams out, till he drops exhausted, great tears streaming down his cheeks, while from the crowded third-class carriages white, agonized, working faces look back to catch a last glimpse of all that to them represents home and love, before they turn to the ocean they have never yet seen, and dree their weird on New York pavements. What do they know of the world, of the life before them, these untutored, bewildered emigrants? How are they, rustics fresh from the fields, the moors, the potato patch which have hitherto bounded their horizon, simple, awkward youths, every one known by name to the old parish priest who baptized them; girls trained to no work requiring skill, innocent young creatures wearing their heart on their sleeve for daws to peck at, unconscious of danger, ready to melt at the first kind word, and to imagine any well-spoken stranger a grand lady or a fine gentleman—how are they to find their bearings in a great, wicked city? How are they to assimilate the ideas, to fulfil the expectations of a more sophisticated race, of bustling, untender strangers who know not Toomevara, who laugh at the ignorance of untravelled youths, and deride as superstition the creed they have sucked in with their mother's milk? Nothing in their previous experience has prepared them for what they are to find across the sea. Year in, year out, this has been going on for over fifty years. People say it is going on now. Once a child who dwelt at Toomevara was awakened at midnight by the sound of bitter weeping in the street under the nursery window. They bade her go to sleep again and not be frightened: it was only old

[1] Pr. Keen.

Mrs. Moran whose son had started for America. Only!—A rich man's daughter was heard to say she liked watching the emigrants, they made such funny faces. Uncouth people are so absurd, even in their grief.

The country roads around our town are bordered by stone walls. Of these some few, such as that round the Dunanway demesne, are regularly built of the universal limestone, blotched with yellow lichen and streaked by stains of green damp. Others, especially on the byways, are built up carelessly of rough, shapeless stones, piled together without mortar, stones that a push will dislodge, sending them showering down on the heels of the boys who jump over them in search of a short cut. The ugly gaps thus made are seldom repaired. A dry bush, perhaps, is thrust into the opening to keep cattle in or out. Building walls securely costs money, and seven shillings a week is a man's wage in Toomevara. The people can just manage to live when the harvest is good, and their food is not of a kind to charge them with a store of superfluous energy. Even their betters are chronically short of money, though they like to conceal the fact, and to attribute their inactivity to any other cause. The higher their social position, the more difficulty our neighbors have in filling it adequately. A modest settled income secures quite a reputation for wealth, but has the disadvantage of entailing endless appeals for charity. Even those amongst us who are relatively rich would not be so accounted if measured by a foreign standard. The Judge of Assize himself, a mighty potentate who descends from Dublin at stated intervals to punish our offences, and who generally receives a pair of white gloves from the High Sheriff, even this magnate has an income of less than four thousand a year, though he is the envy of everyone, and has a wife who ranks as a leader of society. The estate of Lord Dunanway, our greatest local landowner, is mortgaged, thanks to his grandfather's extravagance, and the family have to exercise great economy to pay off their burden of debt. It follows that in every rank the weight of extra bills, whether from mason, or plumber, painter or glacier, presses heavily; so as often as possible we resort to makeshifts to defer the evil day of repairs. To mend openly for ourselves things that do not come within the scope of our particular occu-

pation is to make public acknowledgment of poverty, and is looked on in a poor country as little less than disgraceful.

Apart from poverty, which has eaten into our souls like a canker, we are not accustomed to the sight of trim fences and enclosures, and we consider that anything that serves our purpose does very well. We have no eye for detail, and are rather inclined to despise those who worry about setting little niggling matters straight. "'Twill do well enough!" is our favorite formula. Neatness to us assumes the aspect of a fad—harmless, indeed, but liable to be irritating.

The hedges are mostly straggling and uneven, for not a man in the neighborhood under the rank of a gentleman possesses a pair of clippers, except Sapper Kelly, the old soldier who lives outside the town and works for Lord Dunanway. His cottage and garden are a model.

The only trees in Toomevara are those in the chapel yard, mostly yews, whose branches are utilized for "palm" on Palm Sunday. This means, of course, the only trees visible from the street, for there are some in the gardens behind the houses; but no one has thought of planting beeches or sycamores to make pleasant shade in front, and to form a picturesque background on market-days to the various booths, or, as they are called locally, "stannin's." Picturesqueness, indeed, is at a discount, and, when achieved, is unintentional. Trees, in all cases, are not popular. There is a widespread belief that they are unhealthy things to have near houses, much more unhealthy than open cesspools, while in fields and gardens they cumber the ground. A few of the residents, such as Toulmin, Connolly, and Burke, have good gardens at the back — gardens with a delightful mingling of currant-bushes and rose-trees, parsley and lemon sage, but most of us confine our horticultural efforts to growing cabbages and potatoes. We borrow any rarer vegetables and herbs from our more ambitious neighbors, sending over, as a matter of course, for "a lock" of onions or a handful of parsley—a practice which, rightly considered, is a tax on industry.

In other lands Toomevara might pass for a village. We consider it a rather important town. Assizes are held here, and cattle

fairs, and we number quite two thousand inhabitants, all told. Of the houses, forty are licensed for the sale of drink, though for the most part these sell other commodities as well. We have a Catholic and a Protestant church, the former known from the Penal Days as "The Chapel," a kirk for Presbyterians, and a diminutive Wesleyan meeting-house. We have a pretty Gothic convent, with an industrial school attached; and a Charter House school, whence twenty little Protestants in poke bonnets trimmed with blue ribbons are marched twice on Sundays to service; two teachers, one pretty with curls, and one grim and elderly, bringing up the rear. The people look on them curiously, not without respect, as creatures apart—as something strange and un-Irish. So might the inhabitants of an English country town regard the inmates of a nunnery established in their midst. About the children and teachers alike is that indefinable, cold, highly-respectable air that distinguishes Irish Protestants. Their conscious superiority, as they file through the streets, is chilling.

The town straggles in the shape of an irregular Z, with a ruined castle at one angle, and a ruined priory at the other, both more imposing in their decay than any modern building Toomevara has to show. The town as a whole does not outwardly look dirty, though it knows little of drainage. The almost universal whitewash perhaps constitutes its cleanliness of aspect, but likewise accentuates its bare and poverty-stricken appearance. Those who live here, and have always lived here, do not notice this. Poverty, as indicated, is so all-pervading that it must be extreme and obtrusive before it attracts attention. In Toomevara we have no wealthy neighboring squire to benefit the town, no Lady Bountiful to give scarlet cloaks and blankets to the old women, or offer prizes for neat cottages, no village library, no bustling parson's wife to train the girls for superior domestic service or set a standard of comfort in their homes, no penny readings or magic lantern lectures in the village school-house, no fire brigade, no public and very few private baths, no wash-house, no attempt at practical technical training—in short, none of the thousand and one benefits common in happier countries which possess resident gentry interested in the people and conscious of common ties with those amongst whom they live. In Toomevara there is antagonism.

The local authorities do not trouble themselves unduly about street cleaning and similar matters. They are mostly struggling men, and, as rate-payers, are naturally anxious to keep down the rates. The cry of economy is always popular, therefore they find many to commend them. Of modern sanitation they know nothing and care less. "Die and let die" is their motto. At their meetings political issues assume more importance than educational measures. "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us," is a favorite saying at the various Board Committee meetings when social and hygienic reforms are suggested, and, is generally applauded. We have a quick sense of the ridiculous, but far from this being excited, as that of a stranger might be, by certain existing conditions, it is roused chiefly by suggestions that they should be bettered. These suggestions we are inclined to look on, when non-political, as absurd and Utopian, arising out of pretentiousness and extravagance, and therefore to be met with sarcasm. "Mebbe he thinks we have money to throw away"; "Begorra 'tis in Pawris he thinks he is"; "Faith he's very grand, all out," are remarks that serve as arguments against schemes less impracticable than the speakers imagine. In consequence of this Toomevara still goes waterless in summer and unswept in winter. Were it not for the wind, the glorious wind that whirls through streets and lanes, wind blowing straight from the Atlantic over forty miles of moor and heather, and the floods of rain that wash down surface impurities, we should have more sickness than actually falls to our share. As it is, in summer fever is common, and "Kelly's Row," our least reputable alley, affords many "Wakes" each year. Consumption—"decline" we call it—ravages the young, and cuts off many promisIng lads and lasses. The doctors say the earthen floors of the cabins are largely accountable for this, as they form an excellent breeding-ground for microbes. Still, earthen floors continue to be made, and other matters remain the same, for we are the most conservative, and in certain respects the most economical people, upon earth. True, the sums paid in doctor's fees and in burials might with advantage go to swell the rates; true, there was a great fire one year that swept away half the town and cost in actual damage to property far more than would have established the proposed Bri-

gade or waterworks, without counting the loss of life, fright, injury to trade, and loss of time that resulted. The Town Commissioners, however, do not connect such things. To them these calamities are the work of Providence, and as such must be accepted in a meek and chastened spirit, and regarded as beyond our power to avert.

The houses in which the poorest class live are one story high and of stone. They generally consist of but one room. The floors, as indicated, are of earth, uneven and full of holes, and no ceiling interferes with the inside view of the thatched roof. Across the dwelling in the better sort runs a partition of wood, or more often of stone, rising to over a man's height. In the centre of this is the hearth, with its wide-mouthed, open chimney, its pot-hooks and hanger. Beyond it is the sleeping apartment, "the room" *par excellence*. Toomevara cabins do not boast of the wash-house, the sink, the cupboards, and store places common in English cottages. "The chist," in which all the family clothes and other treasures are kept, is not a fixture. A dresser, a chair, a couple of three-legged stools and a table constitute the furniture. There are no drawers, no shelves, no racks for hanging up garments. None of the little treasures that the working people of other lands gather round them are here visible. Political cartoons from the papers, some rough and hideous colored prints of a religious character are occasionally to be found pinned to the smoke-blackened walls. Other embellishment they have none. The windows are little more than a foot wide, and are generally incapable of being opened. Somewhat better are the thatched houses with three rooms, and with windows that, though small, can be raised and lowered. The inhabitants of these look on themselves as very superior indeed. Next in splendor comes the "slated house," which by its roof alone indicates a rise in the social scale. The slated house may be genteel, but it is decidedly uncomfortable. Built on a system, or lack of system, that sets every door opposite another door, every window opposite another window, it is draughty at all times and in winter bitterly cold. Very often its passage hall is paved with kidney-shaped cobbles, or else flagged with some variety of stone that is never quite dry.

The dwellings of the gentry and of the better-class shop-

keepers are generally roomy, but always architecturally hideous. They are ugly Georgian buildings of the box variety, with a given number of oblong openings serving as windows and doors. A beautiful house is never seen. Invention, design, originality are at a discount. Every new building is constructed on the lines of its predecessors, and to throw out a bow window is looked on as the acme of taste and skill in construction, an innovation to be admired, but not recklessly adopted.

In Toomevara our principal street is known as Main Street—there is a "Main Street" in nearly every Irish town. The down stroke of the Z represents it. Midway it swells into an open space known as "The Diamond," in the centre of which stands the court-house where the assizes are held. All round are clustered the more considerable shops. Sadly in need of paint and repair are most of them, with battered, weather-beaten shutters, their edges crumbling with age. There are exceptions, however.

Our Shopkeepers.

The local papers — we have two in Toomevara which are bitterly opposed, one the organ of the Nationalists, the other representing the Conservatives—consider it etiquette to describe every man who owns a shop of any pretention as a "merchant," and to speak of his "establishment." We like fine language, and it costs nothing. Correspondents in the papers mentioned indeed employ it not infrequently at the expense of sense, for they think meaning a secondary consideration to sound. Any of our townspeople who are members of the Board of Guardians, and the few who have attained the dignity of being Justices of the Peace, are extremely tenacious of being paid due honor. If the initials P.L.G., or J.P., or T.C., as the case may be, are omitted after their names in a report, they write indignant letters of complaint to the offending editor, whom they call an ass in polysyllables. They equally resent such omission from the envelopes addressed to them by private correspondents, and few are cruel enough deliberately to cheat them of a distinction so modest.

Toulmin, the principal draper in Toomevara, who has an extensive Protestant connection, which is looked on as particularly genteel, and Connolly, the grocer, the most prosperous man in the

place, keep their premises fairly spick and span. They draw the line, of course, at the daily polishing of brasses and similar "finicking" details, it being a principle in Toomevara that it is well to let things get quite dirty before cleaning them. Toulmin's house, of the large box pattern to which our most ambitious architectural efforts are confined, is grey-washed. His shutters and sign-board are bright blue, like his principles, and his name, "J. T. Toulmin," is emblazoned in gold lettering. Connolly's dwelling is yellow, with sign-board and facings of vivid scarlet. His style and title, "T. P. Connolly, Family Grocer, Tea, Wine and Spirit Merchant," are resplendent in green. O'Brien, the Catholic baker, has a modest front of indefinite color, the hue of an underdone loaf. Miss Susanna Toulmin owns a rival bakery and a small confectionery at the corner. She is a sister of Toulmin the draper, and is patronized by the county families, whose female members often take tea at her shop when they come into town. Tea, as a beverage, is not much esteemed in Toomevara by men of any rank in life. The Toulmins, as Protestants, rank immediately after the gentry, who keep up quasi-friendly relations with them. These permit the Newtons, the Burrows, and others, to put their horses in Toulmin's stables, if the hotel yard is crowded, as it sometimes is on fair-days, and to allow their wives to chat with Mrs. Toulmin, who never presumes on their condescension. Toulmin's eldest daughter is married to McCrossan, the solicitor, and his second girl is the wife of a clergyman in the south of Ireland. He has a great deal of "interest" in his way, and two of his sons occupied small posts under Government, secured to them through the influence of Lord Dunanway. They are looked on as sure to rise. Their father bears the best of reputations for honesty, but is regarded as "a hard man." He gives no "bargains," presents his bills regularly, and exacts the utmost farthing from those who engage in business dealings with him. In his views he is, as indicated, strongly though unobtrusively Conservative, and a Protestant of a stern type.

Connolly, who besides groceries supplies the community with bacon, wine, cheese, and a number of other things that in towns more sophisticated have shops specially devoted to their sale, hides under a jovial, boisterous manner considerable astuteness,

and a keen eye for the main chance. That he possesses abundant tact is shown by the fact that he, who by every claim of birth and religion should have been a Nationalist, is associated with neither political party, yet is friendly with both. He is perhaps the only man in the town who does not take a side, yet no one calls him openly either "traitor" or "time-server." All the others have to define their position, and to draw what support they can from adherents to the same opinions, but Connolly steers an even keel, and numbers amongst his customers people as opposed as Lord Dunanway and Tim Dolan, the Member for the county. Each party is inclined to believe that Connolly is secretly in its favor. The Conservatives, knowing him to be rich, and in his way a notable man, feel sure he must be an anti-Nationalist in his heart; indeed Lord Dunanway is said to have urged him to come over publicly to this side, but Tom temporized. The Nationalists, on the other hand, suspect that he is but a lukewarm Irishman, who cares more for his private interests than for the interests of his country, but are reassured in a measure by his fervent Catholicity.

Connolly is head and tail of every religious movement in the parish. He is President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, has contributed a large sum to the building of the new church, though in his heart he preferred the old one, and has erected a handsome altar of white marble to the memory of his parents, a worthy couple some forty years dead. When public meetings or Nationalist demonstrations are held in The Diamond, as not infrequently happens, the diplomatic Connolly is seldom present. He generally is ailing just at the time, or has business in Dublin, but he often sends a check privately to the funds to atone for his absence. When anything non-contentious, or at least rousing no fierce partisanship, is to be discussed, he occasionally puts in an appearance on a platform, but as he rarely speaks, the newspapers have little to say about him. In a word, Connolly is a man not without virtues, but determined to make the best of both worlds. As a result people do not entirely trust him. They say, "Ye can't fathom him," or "Y'd never be up to him."

Able as Tom is in the conduct of his business, and by virtue of his position as a prominent trader holding office on the Board

of Guardians and the Town Commissioners, he does not trouble himself much about the improvement or beautification of Toomevara. Apparently he does not see the necessity. While in his private house and in his shop he adopts such new ideas as suit him and pushes business forward, he thinks the public could do very well with things as they are. He has no notion of pampering the poor, or spending the ratepayers' money in bettering social conditions in any way. This attitude is not uncommon in Toomevara. We are all willing to have things improved up to the level to which we are accustomed, but not beyond it, and so are inclined to resent as folly "airs" or "independence" the bettering of the education or condition of any person or persons we regard as our inferiors. As this tone of mind pervades all classes, it acts as an effectual drag on the wheels of social progress. We admit with difficulty that Paddy Kearney should have a stone house with slated roof, but do not object to having his mud cabin properly thatched. Stone houses and slated roofs are for his "betters." Prosperity Connolly looks on as the reward of virtue. The laborers and others who claim his aid in his official capacity meet with scant sympathy. For inscrutable reasons he abhors out-relief, and to prove his economical turn prefers advising applicants to come into the workhouse, where they cost, apart from salaries to the master, matron and others, far more than they would cost outside unpauperized. Half-a-crown a week he regards as a fair allowance for a family of three adults, and eighteenpence for a single person, when for one reason or other he is persuaded to permit out-relief in special cases. This has been the custom in the past, and as Tom is a man dominated in such matters by precedent, this is to him an excellent reason for continuing it.

Unlike Connolly, O'Brien the baker is an ardent politician and a fanatic without worldly wisdom. In him the love of Ireland is a passion His personal gain or loss does not weigh with him for a second. If his country demanded the sacrifice, he would cheerfully go to the stake for his principles. His father and mother died of starvation-fever in the Famine Year, and he has never forgotten it, nor the fact that the grain-ships that brought relief from America were taxed. He cannot believe that English people

are ignorant of these things, and hates them with a bitter hatred for their indifference to the misery he has seen. "If they don't know," he says, "they ought to know, if they're by way of governing us." He is full of the idea of saving the country by some marvellous stroke that will paralyze the British government. An enthusiast and absolutely disinterested, he has no patience with one who, like his neighbor Connolly, seeks to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. His wife, a meek, timid, little body, perpetually foreboding evil and afraid of the antagonism of the powerful, which her husband is careless of rousing, looks after the shop to the best of her ability, and tries to clothe and feed a large and turbulent family. Most of the money, all the influence in the town is on the opposite side, and she has not sufficient strength of political conviction to allow her to resign every prospect of advancement with equanimity. "Weary on them politics," she sometimes says, in a burst of confidence to a friend or "coosherer" across the counter. This seldom happens, for Mrs. O'Brien has little time to talk to anyone. Her customers are mostly poor. They get into debt, and, knowing their circumstances, she has not always the heart to insist on payment. Still, thanks to her exertions, she contrives to support her thirteen sturdy lads and lasses, aided by occasional gifts from her relations, small farmers with youngsters of their own. Otherwise, the children run wild: the O'Brien boys are ringleaders in whatever mischief is going on in town. Their sisters, with uncombed hair and torn frocks, may be seen any day climbing walls, improvising swings in the barn, or scurrying out of the way of unexpected visitors. No mortal woman could keep them in order and attend to a business as well, and gentle Mrs. O'Brien, save for an occasional unheeded remonstrance, has given up the attempt.

Hegarty, round the corner, is known as "a gombeen man" or usurer. In winter and in bad seasons Hegarty advances goods on credit, and more rarely lends money to the peasants and small farmers about. Those who once get into his clutches never get out of them, and when there happens to be a plentiful harvest, or a good yeaning time for sheep, the bulk of the produce and the greater number of lambs fall to Hegarty. His business is of that private kind that is known to all, and hat on head, fat, pale-faced,

white-handed, with grimy nails, he sits in his dirty shop like a spider in its web, waiting for victims who never fail to come.

The Kinahans in Priory Street occupy an indefinite position. They have opened a shop, but then no one — they themselves least of all — forgets that by birth they belong to the gentry. The Kinahans are people with ancestors. They had a great grandfather who would have "turned in his grave" had he known what would be the fate of his descendants. Indeed, judging by what is said, turning in their graves seems to be the favorite occupation of the dead in Toomevara, for of decayed gentility we have a large supply, all its representatives very much ashamed of their poverty and anxious to conceal it by every shift in their power.

Of the other well-known people in Toomevara, McEvoy is a grocer and spirit-dealer on a smaller scale than Connolly. He sells lamps and oil, delft and tobacco. So does Devine, or rather so does Denis Curley who has married Devine's widow and keeps on the shop, dark, with a flagged floor, to which customers descend a step from the street. Hanks of rope, reaping hooks, scythes, zinc buckets and whetstones hang from the ceiling. McRudden and Rearden are the only butchers. They kill once a week and are arbitrary in the matter of joints, giving what they like, not what the customer demands. Nevins and his sister own the Royal Hotel in Main Street, a dismal, cold-looking house, with an ever-open door and dingy wire blinds over which a seedy waiter peeps perpetually looking out for guests that never come. Next door lives Ryan the seedsman, who does a large business with the neighboring gentry and farmers. Further down comes Miss Gannon, the milliner and dressmaker, an elderly young lady who prides herself on her taste and gentility.

The most popular man in Toomevara is "Misther Con," dear old Con Byrne, who, never succeeding in his own affairs, is always ready to help everyone who needs his services. If a neighbor be ill, Con runs for the doctor and sits up all night with the patient. If parents are absent, Con minds the children who adore him, to whom, a child himself, he tells stories by the hour, and for whom he carves marvellous things out of nut-shells, or raw potatoes. Put Con in the way of making money, he takes no interest in the

matter, and, for all he cares, the affair may end in bankruptcy; ask him to do a service and he will rise before daylight, trudge miles, take infinite pains and refuse all reward save the satisfaction of having done a kindness. Nothing is a trouble to Con, so long as it does not tend to his personal profit. He is full of sense and shrewdness, an admirable counsellor for others, incapable of judging for himself. Everyone laughs at Con and loves him. With his pockets full of apples for the youngsters, he lounges about the town, chatting with this one and that, bestirring himself only in an emergency. His father left him a fairly prosperous business, but as there was so much for him to do in Toomevara, he had no time to devote to it. As long as it lasted it was useful to him, in affording the means of employing at good wages a troop of deserving persons whom nobody else would engage. Con drew on it, moreover, for provisions to give away when ready money failed. These uncommercial proceedings led to financial disaster. The shop had to be closed, and Con then lived on the rent accruing from a few cottages left him by a relation and strictly guarded against alienation. His sister ekes out a pittance by letting lodgings.

Con may be seen any day dividing his dinner with some tramp or hanger-on. Whenever he pays a visit he brings a present out of his poverty, if only a fresh egg. Though an old bachelor, Con is the confidant of half the wives and mothers in the town, and what he does not know about children is not worth knowing. To his care erring husbands are confided, and at fairs and markets he has a solemn charge to bring home more than one man before he has drunk too much. Con is exceedingly devout in his quiet way, and one thing that he has drawn from his religious principles is an exceeding contempt for this world as a world, and for all that is involved in the wonderful process of "getting on." A modern Francis of Assisi, he loves animals, and his tenderness for lost dogs and mangy cats is unbounded. No doubt it is his sympathy that enables him to teach them the marvellous tricks which delight the sick children he visits so regularly, amongst them little Denis Feeny on the Castle Hill.

There are many minor traders in Toomevara, inconsiderable people for the most part, whose wives wear close-fitting muslin

caps, and who traffic in bacon or dripping. Some have tiny shops, which are a part of their kitchen or living-room—shops with an earthen floor, a narrow counter, and a small-paned window displaying a glass bottle of sugar-sticks, a bundle of clay pipes, and a roll of tobacco. In similar windows a cup and saucer prominently exhibited indicate that on market-days a meal of rashers and eggs might be had within.

It cannot truthfully be said that our Toomevara tradesfolk are abnormally busy, though they act as if they were. Even Tom Connolly, whose business is the most extensive in the town, is not quite as occupied as the great city merchants. At the same time no great city merchants could be slower about answering letters or executing commissions than our traders. Whether they set orders aside and forget them, or look upon promptitude as a humiliating admission of not having much work on hand, remains a secret. One thing is certain, that repeated applications are necessary before one can get them to attend to anything a little outside their beaten track; and whereas merchant princes have been known to interest themselves in small orders, our commercial lights show an independence of customers undoubtedly high-spirited, but not infrequently irritating.

Our Professional Men.

Our professional men in Toomevara are of different degrees. We have doctors *and* doctors, solicitors *and* solicitors. Of the former the most important at the time of which we write was Dr. Lysaght. He lived in a large, old-fashioned house in Priory Street, and was in great request, not merely in town and country, but for many miles across the border. He belonged to one of the oldest Catholic families in the county, and was married to the sister of Lord Dunanway, but as his wife had adopted his religion, and as he did not conceal his Nationalist sympathies he would have been excluded from the best local society but for his wonderful professional skill, which had induced everyone, except the Dunanways, to tolerate his opinions. Great wonder was expressed amongst those who differed from him as to how he, whom everybody admitted to be a gentleman, should hold the same views as O'Brien and Dolan. His reply that social position had nothing

to do with the case was not accepted as an answer, nor did anyone follow his recommendations to study Irish history. At the same time his strength of character and the need for his services forced the county to accept him as he was, and to like him, while lamenting his aberrations. The feud between Lord Dunanway and himself had been embittered by attempts to deprive him of certain appointments, which failed owing to his personal popularity.

The other medical men included Dr. O'Mara, Dr. Lysaght's colleague; old Dr. Moran, who was long past his work and devoted his too abundant leisure to growing roses; Dr. King, a prim, neat man, the Protestant doctor, for in Toomevara we prefer to entrust our bodies as well as our souls to persons of our own faith; Dr. O'Donnell, who was married to a rich farmer's daughter, and Dr. Mackin, a clever young fellow who, like O'Donnell, did not count socially. It will be seen that doctors were numerous in proportion to the population. Professions are considered genteel, so that those of our farmers and shopkeepers to whom gentility is dear are anxious that their sons should adopt them. The town is the centre of a wide, if sparsely populated district, so that the Infirmary, the Workhouse Hospital and the outlying Dispensaries secured small incomes to those fortunate enough to obtain such appointments. As for the others, they depend on their luck and the drainage.

Solicitors are at least as numerous as doctors. Of them the principal used to be Mr. La Touche, who did business for Lord Dunanway, the Burrows of Inch, the Newtons, and other notabilities. He represented the Conservative and Protestant interest generally, was a genial, portly man of fine presence and courtly manners. He rode to hounds, entertained handsomely, went into the best society the neighborhood afforded, and was extremely proud of his family. Though he was unmarried, well-to-do, and the owner of the prettiest place about Toomevara, the spinsters of town and country had abandoned the hope of making him happy, for his old mother who kept house for him was a veritable dragon. She had always nipped in the bud the promising love-affairs of her son, and certain unpleasant chapters in his life might be traced to her influence. She was horribly jealous of the power of any other woman over him, and thus at eight-and-forty Malachai la

Touche was still a bachelor, and one rather fond of his glass. It was prophesied that when the old woman died, if she did not survive him, which was possible, he would go down hill. McCrossan the solicitor, who was once his articled clerk, and knew many of his secrets, was trying to divert clients to himself, but he worked in an underhand way, and was unwilling to risk an open rupture with La Touche until his own position was secure. Mr. La Touche's principal rival, McCullogh, was the cousin of O'Brien, the baker, and stood on an entirely different social footing to Malachai. He had in his hands all the Nationalist business of the county. To him the tenants went as a matter of course, just as the landlords went to Mr. La Touche. The two men, as is customary, argued minor cases before the County Court judges, and McCullogh by his earnestness, his fluency, his broad, unctuous brogue, and his absolute lack of manners, generally won the day. He did not care what he said, nor what he insinuated, so long as he made a point. He had a knack of discrediting hostile witnesses, of jeering at them, of questioning them on side issues, that had immense effect.

The social position of litigants might be determined by learning which man represented them, unless, indeed, when some of those who stood for Society in Toomevara quarrelled with the genial but hot-tempered La Touche, and in a huff took their business to his opponent. La Touche was not as sharp as McCullogh, and was handicapped by being a gentleman. He hated browbeating a witness, and was far too proud to secure a verdict by means similar to those employed by his opponent. His hesitation in this respect sometimes made his clients angry. They desired, above all things, to win their case, and had no patience with a man who was, as they said, "so damned scrupulous." Litigation apart, La Touche stood high in general estimation. The peasantry liked him because he was "wan o' the rale ould shtock," though they knew his weakness, and regarded him with suspicion in his public character as a man opposed to popular rights. While they habitually spoke of wealthy Tom Connolly as "Connolly" or "Tom," and called McCullogh by his surname, they always referred to Malachai as "Misther La Touche," an honor accorded in private conversation only to those whom the sturdy countrymen admit to be their superiors.

Mrs. McCullogh was eminently genteel, as befitted the wife of one who, though cousin to O'Brien, was admittedly a rising man. She often regretted that her husband had chosen the popular side in politics, and had secret hopes of some day inducing him to change it. He suffered from rheumatism, so he and his wife had in consequence visited Buxton twice, which made Mrs. McCullogh an authority on foreign travel. She dated everything by these trips. "It happened just before we went for the first time to Buxton," she would say. At Buxton, where she stayed at a hydropathic, she excited much attention by the splendor of her garments, specially purchased for the expedition by her insistence on her husband's high position, and her own "exclusiveness," which mightily impressed the worthy Anglo-Saxons, to whom, one brogue being the same as another, the social status of the Irish is always a mystery. They thought her a person of exalted rank in her own country, and the plea of her nationality sufficed in their eyes to explain her peculiarities. Probably we should have accepted a cockney in equal good faith in Toomevara, where we regard the dropping of the letter "h" as a weakness incidental to English people of all classes.

Close beside the "Chapel," as we still call the Catholic church, stood the priest's house—square, ugly, roomy, untidy — where Margaret, the priest's housekeeper, a gaunt maiden of fifty, was the ruling spirit. Margaret was a power in her way. An inveterate gossip, a stern censor of morals, a woman who would not alter her ways one jot for anyone,—the parish priest himself was said to go in awe of her. He was exceedingly careful to give Margaret no more trouble than he could avoid, and put up with cookery that only the grace of God and a naturally strong constitution enabled him to survive. If Margaret inspired fear in a parish priest, it may be inferred that before her mere curates grovelled. Should one of these unhappy men be late for dinner or tea, he applied to Margaret for something to eat with a humility that was touching. It is said that even Father O'Dowd had more than once gone to bed hungry rather than ask the housekeeper for food. Such details as daily sweeping and dusting, the setting straight of chairs and tablecloths, the putting away of books, newspapers and clothes, when out of their proper place, did not

enter into Margaret's scheme of duties. She had more aptitude for prayer than for labor, and with her a pious disposition covered a multitude of omissions. "The girrl," as her often-changed assistant—in the present instance a rough, gaping, country lass—was generically styled, was ruled with a rod of iron, and was made accountable to the authorities for all defects and deficiencies in the working of the domestic machinery. To mend or end Margaret seemed to be impossible, for she would not alter her ways, and she persisted in refusing to accept notice to leave, under the impression that it could not be seriously meant.

Of those who submitted to Margaret's dominion Canon Reynolds, a man of fifty-eight or sixty, was parish priest of Toomevara. He was tall, thin, and rather solemn, with a dignified manner. His great interest in life was the new church. With him lived his three curates. The eldest, Father Igoe, was gentle, well-spoken, zealous, and in a small way literary in his tastes. The old women spoke of him as a saint. He listened patiently to their interminable stories, he pitied the real misery that often lay behind their garrulity, and out of his slender income—£80 a year—slipped many a shilling into trembling, toil-worn hands. His colleague, Father O'Dowd, was a fiery, impetuous, intolerant though well-meaning young man, of strong political views, and exceedingly impatient of contradiction. His favorite phrase was "I denounce." He would have been a remarkable preacher anywhere if only his education and experience had been equal to his zeal. As it was, he attracted large congregations in Toomevara, and treated them to highly spiced religious fare. The third was Father Phelan, who was cousin to Mrs. McCullogh, and also to O'Brien, the baker.

The priests did not visit much, except in discharge of their duties to the sick. They dined regularly, however, at the house of Tom Connolly, who was a pillar of the church, and twice a year with Mrs. O'Brien of the Castle, a very religious woman, a bishop's niece, and one who with the Lysaghts, the de Lacys, and the Duffys of Springfield kept up the prestige of Catholicity in the county.

The Protestant church and rectory are a little further down Priory Street, the rectory being distinguished by a smooth-shaven lawn and trim flower-beds. Mr. Johnson, the rector, is an

M.A. of Trinity College, a peaceable, gentlemanly, well-meaning, colorless man, sufficiently Low Church to please his congregation. Only once have we had a militant parson in Toomevara. He got into trouble over the registration of a foundling as a Protestant, and was removed after much squabbling. Since his time all has gone smoothly, and though there is still no intercourse between priests and parsons, they exchange friendly bows when they meet. The rector's wife is a confirmed invalid.

We have many Presbyterians in Toomevara. Over them Mr. McGregor used to preside at the kirk, while Sawyer, the saddler, preached at the little Wesleyan meeting-house. The bulk of the Catholic population recognize no difference between the doctrines taught in church, kirk or meeting-house. To those outside these congregations they are all alike "Prodesdan's." Questions of religion and politics come into everything, especially of politics, for though differences of creed are often mentioned, and "What is he?" is one of the first inquiries about a stranger, there is, under this, little real bigotry, and would be less but for political dissensions and preferences. The Protestants of all ranks take the airs of a ruling class, as is natural to those who have the money and the influence. They all stand together, hence their strength. They help each other, and if a poor man adopts their faith, they educate his children and push his material interests. For a Catholic, even a Catholic gentleman, to rank with them, it is essential that he should at least be a Conservative. The misfortune in Toomevara is that people maintain their own opinions by refusing to consider those of others. Nothing is decided on its merits. There is an unsleeping suspicion of opponents. A suggestion, however helpful or excellent it may appear on the face of it, is sure to be looked on as a gift of the Greeks by those in the opposite camp to its originator. There is no banding together to obtain advantages or concessions that would benefit everyone without distinction of creed or party. One side suspects proselytism in every charitable movement not started by itself. The other suspects treason in every political aspiration, and so life runs on parallel lines indefinitely prolonged and touching nowhere according to the strictest geometrical rules.

London, England.

C. O'Conor Eccles.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

CHAPTER IV.

The Union of Mary with the Eternal Father.

I.—*The Divine Conception.*
II.—*Visitation of St. Elizabeth.*
III.—*Trial and Silence of St. Joseph.*
IV.—*The Nativity.*
V.—*Nourishment and Growth.*
VI.—*Self-Sacrifice.*

I.—The Divine Conception.

HUMAN nature has been loved by God with a love as unutterable as it is divine. This love of God for our nature has ever existed in God; and as Divine Love cannot expend itself on what is not perfect, so this nature, as it was conceived in the eternal councils of God, was as immaculate as would be a perfection in Him. We may well be astonished when we consider the nature as we see it in ourselves and in the world at large; but our astonishment ceases when we consider that this nature was originally formed in wisdom in order to be the tabernacle of God in the midst of His creation. This love it is which has stooped to the very nature thus fallen from all its unutterable perfections, in order to restore it to its first beauty; and it is the Mystery of Godliness which has brought about His own Divine Conception in it, in the way that it has been done. The Eternal Father, with this unutterable love, ever looked at this nature of ours as His one perfect image in creation, as the one in which the Divine Nature would become incarnate; and this love, which is always one and the self-same—which could not change toward the nature of His divine previsions in eternity, for any temporary fall of man in the order of time—looking upon Jesus, the Son of Mary, said, "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and to this St. Paul adds, "To which of the angels hath He said at any time, 'Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee?' and

again, 'I will be to Him a Father, and He shall be to Me a Son;' and yet further, 'Let all the angels of God adore Him?'" So, when the fulness of time was come, the Holy Ghost united the perfect dispositions of the Heart of Mary with the design of the Incarnation. The perfection of her prayer was then elevated by Him into such an act of union with the (to her) unknown Will of God regarding her, that, at the voice of the angel, her soul and her body thrilled, as it were, in the living God, who, recognizing her flesh as His own, took it and came amongst us.

This meeting in the bosom of the Virgin of the life of Godhead with the purest substance of His creating was the outflow of the love with which, from all eternity, God had loved the nature of her who would be the Mother of His Sacred Humanity.

And how may we with diffidence regard this operation of the Holy Ghost? Is it not the astounding nature of this miracle which would cause the necessity of an effusion of divine confidence into her soul? For what a truly magnificent confidence was that which Mary evinced when, realizing instantaneously the extent of the dignity about to be conferred upon her, and perceiving that her consent was involved in it, she gave it without any hesitation, saying, "Be it done unto me according to thy word."

Mary was thus the first to enter into the great communion with Godhead. The Son of God was become her Son. The Infinite, the Mighty God, the Heir of the eternal past, and Father of the world to come, was now entirely her own.

Until now, Mary, by her union with God, had been, so to speak, submerged in the divine ocean of His love. Now, apparently, it is God who seems to love Himself in His creature. What then becomes of distance? Where lies the impossibility of communion? All may now approach, not only to annihilate themselves in the presence of God, but also to partake of the Divine Nature itself. He is the first Sacred Host hidden in the ciborium of the Immaculate Virgin. Like his Mother, He comes amongst us to serve. He is the servant of God and the Son of His handmaiden. He is the servant of all. In her humility Mary calls herself the servant of the Almighty One; and in this form of humility Mary cannot surpass her Son. All that is left to her to do is to perform her duty of motherhood.

In order the better to appreciate what, the moment after her word of consent had been given, Mary had become for man, we must note what Jesus Himself is in her. He is the Plenitude of grace and truth, the Abyss of wisdom; the Ocean of goodness; the Mercy-Seat, the inexhaustible Treasure. He is the Gift of the Father, the Dwelling-Place of the Holy Ghost, the Lord and King of angels. On the other hand, He is a weak Babe, the Victim of propitiation, hidden Manna, Greatness annihilated. In the bosom of a human Mother it is that He receives a human soul, consecrated by the unction of His Divinity. His priesthood He wills to possess in her, and to exercise it through her administration. In Him she is at once Pontifical Vestment, Priest, Altar, and Victim. For nine months Jesus reposes against her heart as a Lamb living and sacrificed, surrounded by the flames of a perfect love which He Himself kindles, and which He desires above all things to see kindled in all hearts. But, for the moment, it is through her that He will shine, and pour out benedictions upon the world. Perfectly disposed to be led by the Divine Priesthood within her, the all-embracing charity of Christ at once urges and consumes her. "In haste," says the Evangelist, "Mary rises and speeds to the mountains of Judea"; her object being to obtain and give the first solemn benediction of the Sacred Host within her—namely, the sanctification of John the Baptist in his mother's womb.

II.—The Visitation of St. Elizabeth.

It is a matter of the utmost importance that mankind should be taught the value of the soul—above all, the soul of the little child—and that it should, for its own sake, be loved. Before the advent of Jesus and Mary, the world knew nothing of charity, nor of the mystic life of the soul. In the midst of the stains, the profanities, the enmities, the jealousies, and all other disorders which St. Paul enumerates as the works of the flesh,[1] the child entered on the stage of life, and had to grow up as he could. Mary, therefore, begins her instructions at the very springs of life itself. On this subject the Church follows her example, leaving nothing undone in order that, from its very conception, the child

[1] Rom. 1: 23—32.

may be surrounded by holy and pure impressions. She has benedictions, prayers, and Masses specially for woman's child-bearing. She will not await the pride of reason before conferring the regenerating grace of baptism. She knows that the conversion of the world in a great measure depends on a proper regard for those little ones who resemble Jesus; and that the true conversion of the soul most readily takes place when superior souls fraternize with the lowly in the simplicity of the faith or the tenderness of charity.

The two mothers, Mary and Elizabeth, appear to approach each other according to the ordinary rules of decorum and affection, but it is through the outpouring of the Holy Ghost that their meeting becomes a special communication of the Word. Nor have faith, hope, and charity ever expressed themselves in language more pure, more simple, or more sublime. The picture is therefore supernaturally beautiful, and should be devoutly studied to be fully understood.

Mary's *Magnificat* is but a simple reply to her cousin's illuminated question, "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? for behold, as soon as thy salutation sounded in my ears the infant in my womb leaped for joy." But it is a reply that gushes from a heart overflowing with love and gratitude. This Canticle which, more than any other, is repeated by the lips of Holy Church, reveals the comprehensiveness of our Lady's intelligence and the divine nature of her mission. She is not an isolation; she is not Mother for herself alone. She speaks in the name of all, being responsible to all ages for the gift of her virginal maternity. All will have mercy shown unto them who, from generation to generation, shall, through her instrumentality, fear the Lord. Through her will the proud be humbled, and the humble be exalted; the hungry will be replenished, and the full be sent empty away. To all who shall belong to the true seed of Abraham will joy be awarded in all ages to come.

III.—Trial and Silence of St. Joseph.

Sacred Scripture informs us that Mary remained three months in Hebron; which naturally leads us to suppose that she did not

leave her cousin until after the birth of the Baptist, when, in due course, she would return to her own home.[2]

The disquietude of St. Joseph is related very simply and in few words, but it is given for a definite purpose, and reveals the sublime elevation of character in him who was chosen to be the guardian of the Mother and of her Divine Child, in such a way as to be witness to her Immaculate Conception. And not only are the fidelity and justice of St. Joseph's character displayed in the incident, but still more are the admirable qualifications of our Lady for the duties she was called upon to fulfil in the world. Such, for example, would be her fidelity, her reserve, her patience, her self-possession, and the calm firmness which could not be diverted from her appointed path. The Incarnation was the secret of God which had been entrusted to her to keep inviolable under all circumstances; and this in spite of dangers and misapprehensions—in spite, indeed, of the very Law of God itself and its fearful penalties. Her silence is sublime beyond words.

As for St. Joseph, his conduct is not less admirable. He is perplexed. On the one hand, his faith in the supernatural graces of his spouse forbids any suspicion of her purity, and the circumstances attending their espousals are marks of divine predestination too recent to be forgotten. But on the other hand, there is the Law—and the Law is the Law of God. If, however (in the words of St. Bernard), she were indeed the highly favored one of God, St. Joseph, deeming himself an unworthy sinner, said within himself that no longer ought he to be favored with the company of one whose marvellous dignity he greatly feared.[3] Therefore, seeing himself to be without special direction from on high, he judged it best to take a resolution which involved the greatest courage and the most manly self-abnegation possible. He would put her away privately and her reputation should be untouched.

St. Bernard on this subject goes on to say, "It was fitting that Mary should be espoused to Joseph, in order that the 'Holy Thing' should be hidden from the dogs, and her virginity proved

[2] St. Luke, who relates the story of Mary's visit, says that his narrative was drawn up according as they, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word, had delivered it to him. The *Benedictus* would only have been preserved in Mary's memory; which proves her presence at the birth.—E. M. S.

[3] Hom. on the *Annunciation of the V. M. of God*, pp. 68, 69.

by him to whom she is espoused; thus the Virgin's modesty is spared, and her good name provided for. What, indeed, could be wiser or more worthy of God's Providence?" And in another place, "As Thomas, by doubting and touching, became the most steadfast confessor of the Resurrection of our Lord, so Joseph by espousing Mary to himself . . . became the most faithful witness of her maidenhood. Oh, most beautiful fitness, both of the doubt of Thomas, and of the espousals of Mary!" Under any circumstances this disquietude of Joseph, as well as his ultimate resolve, were necessary, as both merited an express reassurance from God; for it is written, "While he thought on these things" [*i.e.*, to put her away privately], "behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in his sleep, saying, Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived of her is of the Holy Ghost."

Thus was St. Joseph proved and the divine nature of Mary's Conception revealed to him, as to the Just Man, whose witness was looked for. His holy silence on the subject, his patient awaiting for divine instruction, were only second in sublimity to the silence and fortitude of Mary.

IV.—The Nativity.

The birthday of Jesus was proclaimed by the Prophet Isaias in these glorious words, "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold! darkness shall cover the earth; and a mist, the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising."[4]

Our Blessed Lady—in the divine solitude of her heart, and in the silence with which holy prophecy had invested the world at this moment of time—watched one by one the signs of the times according as they answered to the prophetic voices of bygone ages. Those voices were, in her hearing, the voice of Him who had spoken by the prophets, and who was even now preparing to be introduced by her into the world. With Him she had been wont to converse in her heart, and she well understood the object of that

[4] Isaias 60: 2, 3.

call to Bethlehem which was to witness to His birth of the family of David. By this she knew that the world was at the zenith of its midnight darkness, and that all was ready for the rising of the Sun of Justice. It was a matter of indifference to her where their lodging should be, for the practice of holy poverty had become rooted in her soul. Her spirit was the spirit of Jesus. She understood and appropriated to herself the abjection and self-annihilation which accompanied His entrance into the world. Accordingly, far from being discouraged, she gratefully accepts the humble lodging provided for them, because she is about to share it with Him whose Will it was that thus it should be. So entirely they belonged to each other!

In the absence of St. Joseph—according to tradition—who, it would seem, went into the town to purchase their little necessaries of food, Mary arranged the crib and made her other preparations as well as she could. Then, kneeling, and lifting up her hands in thanksgiving to the Eternal Father for all His mercies, she fell into a gentle ecstasy, like that in which she had received the Son of God into her bosom, and on awakening from her trance, she beheld the glorious Infant lying before her eyes on the bare ground. At once she offered him to the Eternal Father as the price of the world's ransom. No longer is He hers alone. He is come for all; He is the possession of all.

Mary now ceases to wish to be alone with her Treasure. Her own heart no longer suffices. She would have the hearts of all men in her hand, that she might have a worthy offering for Him. Therefore, when divine grace leads the shepherds and the Magi to them, she is full of joy.

In the gifts offered at the crib there is a certain mystery of union. There is but one way in which we may respond to the gift our Lord has made us of ourselves, which is by giving Him back a portion of His own gifts to us as the pledge of our love. By their presence, therefore, the shepherds and the Kings manifested their desire to recognize the rights of the new-born Lord of the universe.

In the significant choice of their gifts it appears that the Magi were inspired by the symbolic traditions of the East. As for the shepherds, their poverty and their simplicity left them but little

choice. According to the Fathers, they were all secretly guided by the Holy Ghost; for, in the offering of gold, the Church recognizes the tribute of charity due to the royalty of Jesus; in the incense, the offering of adoration and prayer due to His Divinity; in th e myrrh, the homage of penitent compassion presented to His sacred mortality; in the lambs and turtle doves, the oblation of simplicity and innocence made to His priesthood. Jesus, to whom this interpretation of the Church was present, elected to receive these several homages at the hands of His Mother, and we remark by these visible symbols how all things in the mystic world are held in common between Him and His Mother.

V.—Nourishment: Growth by Communion: Character: Family Likeness.

At His birth the Divine Infant ceases to live by direct communication on the life of His Mother. Still, He elects to owe His human existence to the milk of her sacred bosom. He assimilated to Himself this nourishment, this communion of human substance, and communicates to it His hypostatic union. Even now He thirsts for the Blood He intends to shed for us; and for the Flesh He would hereafter give mystically in the Holy Eucharist. This thirst for our salvation, which found its mystic satisfaction at the breast of His Mother, caused Jesus to lavish upon her His supersubstantial divine life, like a spiritual milk, which she, in her mystical motherhood, could in return give to her children. Now, regarding this mysterious nourishment, we may, in the words of Holy Scripture, hear her calling upon the Church to come and taste plentifully. "Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey. . . . I said, I will water my garden of plants, and I will water abundantly the fruits of my meadow. And behold my brook became a great river, and my river came near to a sea."[5]

Here let us pause to make a remark suggested by the above reflection. We observe that there is an intimate connection between the Mystery of the Divine Maternity, and that of the dual

[5] Eccles. 24.

Mystery of Divine Wisdom. Without difficulty we pass from the consideration of the Sacred Maternity flowing through the members of the Infant Jesus, to the plenitude of Wisdom itself which, through the hypostatic union, dwelt in those sacred members. We may, then, perceive without difficulty the mystic connection between created wisdom as applied to our Lady in such passages as the above, and uncreated Wisdom who has made of her an aqueduct to replenish the mystical members of His Body —the Church of Jesus of all generations.

The physical growth of the child, to which end he partakes of his mother's physical substance, is a counterpart of the mental and spiritual development which takes place in the soul of the child, and is materially affected by natural influences derived from the parents, and, in the first instance, principally from the mother.

To both these laws of growth the Child Jesus was subject, so that we may not imagine that the office of supplying the necessities of a healthy growth was confined to that of the body. Jesus, we are told, increased in wisdom as He increased in stature. The wisdom here spoken of is doubtless that human created element which, by education and the routine of habit, daily life develops in the soul; for in Jesus, divine wisdom could know no such development. Wonderful as it seems to us, but, according to the nature of things, appointed by the Eternal Father, it was congruous that the Child Jesus—although, in Person, Uncreated Wisdom Himself—should follow, in all, the natural order of His human nature's development, and grow up under the tutelage of created intelligence—in His Mother's case illumined by that created wisdom which was the reflection of the divine. By this means He received from His Mother and St. Joseph the special character He designed for Himself, and in this manner His Sacred Soul, notwithstanding the presence of His Divine Personality, permitted Itself to be moulded by the wisdom and instructions of His parents, as well as by the habits which He permitted Himself to contract during the thirty years of His intimate intercourse with them, surrounded by the simple atmosphere of their home.

The absolute submission of Jesus to His parents is the prin-

cipal feature with which Holy Scripture furnishes us during those years of tutelage, adolescence, and maturity. He did not seek, independently of them, to form a line for Himself, outside their humble ways of living and acting. For a Soul full of divine energy and power, it was a hidden, monotonous life; but being come to teach the great lesson of obedience, He made that the chief exercise for Himself in His own spotless life. As had been written of Him, "He came to do the Eternal Father's will, and He was content to do it."[6] So He began His life by doing the will of His parents. The form of life He had chosen was simple; and simplicity would enter into all His acts. In the same way that He was pleased to follow the beaten tracks of Judea, so was He pleased to conform Himself to what is morally called "the human ways of life;" and this He did by the free choice which in no way derogates from His prescience, but enters preferably into the divine plan and completes the picture of the Incarnation.

No mother has ever been so completely mother of her child as Mary was; for which reason the gifts of nature and of grace were bestowed upon her without measure; and we may reasonably suppose that, in her maternal relations with her Son, she was illuminated by both the one and the other. With regard to her authority He was reserved, and His attitude was delicate in the extreme. This special feature is enhanced by the incident of His remaining behind in the Temple, unknown to His parents, at twelve years of age. This act would seem to have been designed for the purpose of bringing out into relief Mary's absolute authority over Him, as well as His divinely perfect submission during all the years of His hidden life at Nazareth. "He was subject to them." It would appear that, like any other ardent young soul, He had sought the Doctors in the Temple in order to begin the work He so earnestly desired to do. But He was willing to resign all that ardor, and all the glory He might gain for His Heavenly Father, in order to accept and receive a larger amount of human impressions. Without derogating from His wisdom or His holiness, He might have withdrawn Himself from manual labor in order to live in the Temple and place Himself at the

[6] Ps. 39 : 8.

head of the Doctors; but He elected to keep to the end, and even to all eternity, His distinct physiognomy as Mary's Son. Thus, we find traditions concerning Him which are truly maternal in His practice of the hidden life. In His submission to human laws, in His tenderness for little children, in the simplicity of His public life, in His very discourses, He resembles His Mother. For example, in the instructions He gives His disciples, there is a perceptible echo of Nazareth; for with a kind of predilection He reverts to the memories of His thirty years of hidden life, and is pleased to reveal that modest interior at Nazareth as a vision of the Kingdom of God upon earth, where a woman is occupied, now in putting her leaven into three measures of meal; now in preparing material to mend an old garment; now in purifying the cup within and without, or in sweeping the ground in order to find the groat which was lost. He does not even omit the festival day when, in her widow's dress, she enters the Temple and drops her mite into the treasury.

Family likeness generally depends on some one original feature, which becomes striking when it appears in the midst of shadows. But with regard to Jesus and Mary, we may look undoubtingly for a general similarity and perfection of likeness in all characteristic features. We have only to glance at the Calendar and we shall see that the feasts of our Lord correspond with those of His Mother. Those of our Lady; namely, the Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, the Presentation, the Seven Dolors, the Compassion, and the Assumption, form a regular foundation upon which are erected the corresponding series of the feasts of our Lord; namely, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Presentation, Holy Week, and the Ascension. In the comparison of these mysteries are to be found resemblances and harmonies without end; and to such a degree that it would seem as if Jesus had voluntarily built up His life after the fashion of hers, and, like a clever architect, had studied to make them correspond, down to the smallest details.

The Church enters into the construction by conforming herself to the general plan; and it may be said that the very physiognomy of Christianity, the special form of the spiritual life in the saints, and the distinctive spirit of the Church are, in great

measure, due to the direction which Jesus was pleased to receive from His Mother. The acts of Mary also have incalculably contributed to make the Church eternally what she will be. The Church, indeed, might have had a different style of beauty; but it is patent that she is such as she has been made by the humble Almighty Disciple of Mary and of Joseph; and that it is due to this that she is so beautiful and so hidden.

VI.—Self-Sacrifice.

It was congruous that the life of the Divine Sovereign Pontiff should be one of self-sacrifice. Everything, consequently, in the conduct of the sacred Mother breathes of immolation; the sacrifice of self for God, the sacrifice of the enjoyment even of God Himself—all she offers to the Child Jesus. It had been announced by David that the adorable Word would, at His entrance into the world, say to His Father, "Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not, but a Body hast Thou fitted to me. Holocaust for sin did not please Thee. Behold, I come; on the Head[7] of the Book it is written of me that I should do Thy will, O God." Now before He Himself can either speak or walk, Jesus desires to be carried by His Mother, in order that by her acts these dispositions of His should be made manifest, and proclaimed: "Behold, we come." In His eye she is the Book in which it is written that He would accomplish the Father's will even to the death of the cross.

The observances of the Law were the occasion of beginning this series of sacrifices. Mary knew that the ancient shadows and types were about to depart, and that Jesus was superior to all human laws, especially to those in which it was question of expiation and defilement; but having the spirit of Jesus she was in all things united to His divine intentions. Her mission, like that of Jesus, was not to "destroy the Law" but, by introducing into it the sacred elements of devotedness and charity—which rose above the letter of the Law—to fulfil it.

The Church does not reckon the Circumcision among the dolors of Mary. Doubtless, natural sensibility would, in this mystery, appear to be absorbed in the joy of giving and of hearing the Name of Jesus officially bestowed upon the Infant Saviour.

[7] Tunc dixi; ecce venio, in capite libri scriptum est de me ut facerem voluntatem tuam Deus meus. Vulgate, Ps. 39: 8, 9.

But in Mary there was a supernatural sensibility which no distraction, no spiritual joy could absorb; for her maternal heart measured the depths which these two words implied—"Jesus suffering."

It is to the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple that the Church attaches the first solemn Dolor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Her suffering lay in this: that the Presentation of Jesus was not a figurative ceremony but an efficacious act, terrible in its consequences. Jesus, to offer Himself, was to be accepted; and, to offer Himself in company with sinners, was practically to make Himself jointly responsible with them, a responsibility which, in His case, was a permanent one. Mary is now called upon to abandon this Divine Son to all the pains and penalties required for the Redemption of man—and will not every other sacrifice follow?

For her, maternity means exile, flight over deserts, the bread of the stranger in an idolatrous land. It means suffering, not only for herself, but for the objects of her most legitimate tenderness; it means poverty of the cruellest kind. All this is understood by Mary, and even more, for if, until this moment, the prophecies regarding the Man of Sorrows may have had some obscurity, the words of Simeon have dispelled it. She knows that this sweet, this spotless Babe is to be a sign of contradiction, and her prophetic spirit already perceives what lies in store for Him; and, as He lies sleeping upon her arm, she feels her heart pierced through with that pitiless sword.

For thirty years will the foreknowledge of the woes of the Passion be an unceasing vision before her soul. She will see it in her adoration and in her prayer wherever she may be. But to her Beloved she will say, with an outpouring of love greater than that of all saints put together, that neither death nor life, nor persecution nor the sword, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, should be able to separate her from the plans of Divine Charity. She and that Divine Victim are one. His life and His sufferings are hers—and hers are His.

Thus, in the Presentation of Jesus, was Mary associated immediately in the merits of the Passion.

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Student's Library Table.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Recent Exemplifications of Mendel's Law.—The scientific journals, especially those which are concerned mainly with biology, continue to refer frequently to Mendel's law. Certain distinct verifications have been found during the year. Professor W. E. Castle, of the Zoological Laboratory of Harvard University, calls attention to the fact that the heredity of a long-haired coat, or, as it is scientifically called, the Angora coat in animals, follows Mendel's law very strictly. He begins his article by saying that Mendel's law is a fundamental principle of heredity and becomes daily clearer as new illustrations of its workings come to light either through reëxamination of the older observations on heredity or through the performance of new experiments.

As a result of observations made in the laboratory of zoology at Harvard, the following conclusion has been reached: (*a*) two long-haired animals of whatever ancestry produce only long-haired young; (*b*) a short-haired animal of pure stock, mated to a long-haired animal, produces offspring all short-haired; (*c*) a short-haired animal, one of whose parents was long-haired, when mated to a long-haired animal, produces offspring, some short-haired, others long-haired, the two sorts occurring in approximately equal numbers; (*d*) two hybrid, short-haired animals (like the one described under c), when mated to each other, produce long-haired and short-haired offspring approximately in the ratio 1 : 3. These various facts agree in showing that short coat is "dominant" in heredity over long or Angora coat.

Mr. C. B. Davenport, of the Hull Zoological Laboratory of the University of Chicago, supplementing the remark of Professor Castle, of Harvard, adds some details with regard to the so-called "wonder horses" that have been on exhibition in many museums throughout the country, and which seem also to follow Mendel's law in their heredity. The data are not absolutely sufficient to decide the matter, but it is well known that the long hair has

occurred in several generations. These horses have manes and tails that trail on the ground for many feet. The long-haired property in them would seem to have been a recessive characteristic that occurred in the stock after it had appeared in two generations. It is said that no more long-haired horses have been produced, so there is a great demand for them among museum people.

Mr. Davenport calls attention to the fact that the phenomenon of polydactylism—that is, the possession of more toes than normal in animals—follows Mendel's law very strictly. In several families of cats having six toes, Mendel's law accords with the facts rather better than Galton's law, which is the only principle of heredity seriously discussed at the present time besides Mendelism. Mendel's law is exemplified also apparently in cases of polydactylism in human beings. It is very well known now from the history of a number of families for six or even more generations that the possession of a supernumerary digit in certain families is a matter of heredity that affects a definite proportion of all the members of the family during successive generations.

There would seem to be no doubt, then, that the quiet, unobtrusive work of the humble monk who, in his little monastery garden at Brunn forty years ago, made his observations on pea-plants, deduced the laws of heredity which they follow, and the principle on which these laws depend, with the simplicity and completeness of genius, unconsciously leading men beyond the bounds of the already known, has proved the greatest contribution to nineteenth century biological science. Theories come and theories go; only the faithful observation of nature and its record remains for all time.

Birds and the Farmer.—A very interesting series of observations has been undertaken and carried out successfully by the United States Department of Agriculture with regard to the food consumed by birds. Birds are often blamed by farmers for eating or destroying ripe fruit, and for various other depredations on useful articles in the garden. Much of this blame, however, is really due to tradition in the matter rather than to actual observation of the birds' depredations. Not long since, it was determined by the Department of Agriculture that the only sure way to

find out definitely on what birds actually feed was to kill certain specimens in different parts of the country and then, by careful examination of the contents of their stomachs, determine what their last meal had been. The verdict of this very accurate mode of investigation, which would seem to be absolute in its conclusions, has been rather strikingly in favor of the birds than against them.

One of the most interesting of the articles that are frequently found in the stomachs of bird is seeds. Careful investigation determined that most of these seeds were obtained by the birds from weeds. This, of course, would make the winged creatures of very great service to the farmer in preventing the spread of weeds. Many of the weed-seeds are very small and even hundreds of them scarcely suffice for a single meal for one of the larger birds. This will give some idea of how useful the feathered tribe might well be in the destruction of these noxious potencies for agricultural evil. In order, however, to determine the question properly, practically a complete new classification of seeds had to be made. Although the botanist is supposed to know seeds, it proved to be only generically that they were described in the text-books, and consequently experts had to set to work to determine just what the origin of various seeds were.

Some very interesting discoveries have come out in this matter. Occasionally materials are found within a bird's stomach that are absolutely unrecognizable as belonging to any known part of nature with which the bird might have come in contact. For instance, some little, black, club-shaped bodies were found to occur in the stomachs of birds almost constantly in the neighborhood of forests in the South, where the poison-ivy grows very luxuriantly. Poison-ivy has not been studied very thoroughly by botanists, partly because of the susceptibility to its poison which so many people have. In dissecting one of the berries one day, however, there were found some of the little, black, bituminous-looking objects which had so puzzled the investigator of the contents of the bird's stomach. The bird had evidently been dining on poison-ivy, though this is one of the last things that one would suspect of being an inviting edible. As the birds always eat the seeds of such plants, that is, those parts which are likely to scatter the

evil, the good they accomplish means so much more. For instance, with regard to weed-seed, an investigator at an experiment station in the State of Iowa says that he estimates that the tree-sparrows devour over a million and a half pounds of weed-seed yearly in that State alone. The encouragement of certain birds might very well lead to the extinction of such plants as poison-ivy entirely.

With regard to insects, various parts of the little creatures prove to be indissoluble in the gastric juices of the bird's stomach and are found long afterwards, thus showing what they live on. Birds eat hairy caterpillars very commonly, for traces of the hairs may be found for a long time in their stomachs. Even the nettle-like caterpillars, which when touched produce a form of nettle-rash and actually have little spines upon them, are eaten by birds and the spines may be seen projecting within the stomach-wall, but firmly fastened in its cells so as almost to give the appearance of fur to the interior of the stomach.

As the result of these investigations, it is now generally recognized that very few birds are more harmful than helpful to the farmer. Some of them steal cherries when they are ripe, but they probably never eat as many as, by their incursions on the insects on the same trees earlier in the season, they have preserved till the ripening period. Indeed, it would almost seem as if they had been protecting the harvest for themselves. A number of birds that are strictly vegetarian in their habits under ordinary circumstances become insect eaters-whenever, in a special season, these pests are more plentiful than usual. For instance, when a grasshopper plague is on, birds that ordinarily live on seeds will kill and devour grasshoppers quite as if they were used to it. In a word, it would seem that much of the destruction of birds, on the plea that they are harmful, has been wanton and without good reason.

The Ether in Modern Chemistry.[1]—Everyone familiar with the progress of modern chemistry will recall how much that science owes to Professor Mendeleeff, the distinguished Russian chemist,

[1] *An Attempt towards a Chemical Conception of the Ether.* By Professor D. Mendeleeff. Translated from the Russian, by George Kamensky. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

who suggested the periodic law of atomic weights. That law has been one of the most helpful bits of scientific theory that has appeared in several generations. The most wonderful thing about it was the fact that it practically foretold the discovery of certain elements in chemistry, and gave an excellent idea of what the chemical qualities of the new elements would be. In very recent years it has proved still more surprisingly capable of taking unto itself a group of elements not anticipated by preceding chemical theories. Argon, the rare gas found in the air; helium, found first in the sun and then discovered in traces on the earth; radium, that has recently attracted so much attention—all the lately discovered elements of this group have arranged themselves so as quite neatly to fill out interstices of Mendeleeff's law.

It is not surprising, then, if the Russian Professor's theory with regard to the ether should receive a great deal of attention. He suggests the striking idea that the ether is a kind of matter; though differing, as is of course absolutely necessary, very markedly from ordinary matter as even chemists know it. He postulates the existence of an element whose atomic weight will be about one millionth that of hydrogen. Matter attenuated to this degree is almost inconceivable. It would penetrate all ordinary matter, and even be beyond much influence from gravitation, though it is very probably the medium through which gravitation acts. Professor Mendeleeff considers that the interpenetration of other matter by this substance gives rise to the phenomena we know as radio-activity and even most electrical and light phenomena.

Considering that since the discovery of radium and the radio-active bodies, former chemical theories have apparently been giving way to modern progress, this reassertion of old chemical principles is interesting if for nothing else than the reactive power of conservatism. It serves also to show how uncertain are the theoretic objects of chemical science, and how only on the threshold of any real knowledge did the nineteenth century leave us, though it was so much the custom to think of science as having made giant strides into the realm of the unknown.

Improvement in Turpentine Production.—The Agricultural Department has recently called attention to the fact that by a

new method of collecting turpentine, introduced by one of the officials of the Department, the pine trees of this country are being saved from destruction while there is a noteworthy increase in the total amount of turpentine obtained from them. According to the old method of collecting turpentine, huge gashes were cut in the tree and a number of valuable pines died as the result of this severe treatment every year. Dr. Herty invented little earthen cups that serve to collect the turpentine while only small openings are made into the tree. One third more turpentine can be obtaine d in this way ; and the small opening rapidly closes up. How valua ble the new invention is considered to be can be judged from the fact that two years ago only twenty thousand of these cups were used. The next year, however, twenty times as many were in use, altogether nearly half a million. It is estimated that this year three million of them have been in use.

It is only another example of how scientific methods can improve on the old-time, crude modes of the agriculturist and forester, though it might be thought that the experience of many generations of turpentine farmers would be of more value than the studies of a young man without any experience to speak of, but with a good knowledge of the botany of turpentine production and yield, and of the best manner in which the sap of the pine trees can be collected without injury to the life of trees. The agriculturist generally is coming to recognize how valuable scientific investigation may be, and is now much readier than ever before to accept with confidence and try out to a definite conclusion the suggestions that are made by government scientists. The Agricultural Department is justifying its existence more and more every year.

Matter and Form in Modern Physics.—It is not so very long ago since modern physical scientists would have scorned the notion that the old ideas of the scholastic philosophers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries with regard to the constitution of matter could possibly have any interest for present-day science, or represent in any way the truth of the composition of matter. The doctrine of the unchangeableness of the forms of matter, the permanence and practically the eternity of the atoms of which the supposed elements of chemistry are composed, was an article of

orthodox scientific faith, a disbelief in which was almost sure to bring down on the devoted head of the doubter a sentence of scientific excommunication. As Sir Oliver Lodge said not long since: "To question the permanence of the forms of matter twenty years ago, to suggest that elements might perchance change into each other, that one atom might cease to be and another come into being on the ruins of the first, that inorganic matter might be subject to a process of evolution and development, was to be a bold and heterodox speculator, and to hazard a guess not based on experimental evidence. Sir William Crookes was a man who took this and other hazardous risks, and already time is going far to justify his insight and penetration."

At the present moment most physical scientists have come to the opinion that the so-called elements are only special manifestations of some unchangeable substratum, but with the possibility of being changed into one another almost indefinitely. In the midst of this tendency to change, however, Sir Oliver Lodge, whom we have just quoted, and who is considered one of the greatest living physicists in England, insists that the substratum or underlying material of which matter is composed is still constant and indestructible, so far as our knowledge yet goes. It would indeed be hard to point out just where this new view, so utterly modern and recent, of the constitution of matter differs from the old scholastic theory of prime matter and form.

According to the new teaching, the elements are no longer believed to be permanent and constant in form. As Sir Oliver Lodge says: "Helium has been seen to come into existence *de novo* in the course of a few days, appearing in a sealed tube, into which nothing resembling helium was put, originating from a previously existing element which was not helium, but which has demonstrably tumbled down into helium and other at present unknown substances. So it appears that the elements are not immutable. One element may change or break up into others, and though the process in general is extremely slow, it is probably true of every form of matter that, though the substratum and basis are fixed and constant in quantity, its mode of chemical and physical manifestation is liable to change, sometimes exhibiting itself in the form of helium, sometimes in that of radium, sometimes perhaps

of copper, sometimes, let us say, of lead, and again sometimes in none of these so-called material forms, but exhibiting itself in the strange and ghostly form of matter called electricity."

Surely, this latter sentence might remind one even of that definition of prime matter so hard to understand, so difficult of explanation, and which has been the special subject of the ridicule of the physical scientists whenever their attention was turned to the declarations of the old scholastic cosmology. By means of that strange and ghostly form of matter, called prime matter, perhaps the supposed ludicrousness of the old philosophic speculations will be lessened.

How often has it not been said that the alchemists were ridiculously foolish in their search after a possible transmutation of metals, and yet here is twentieth century physical science, not only suggesting the possibility, but actually accepting the principle on which such a transmutation can take place. Verily, human knowledge comes and goes with the swing of the pendulum, and one never knows what light the discoveries of the very latest times may throw on old theories that were supposed to be long since dead and gone.

Studies and Conferences.

THE MORALITY OF GAMBLING.

Qu. There has been a considerable difference of opinion in the expressions of churchmen and moralists recently made public through one of our leading newspapers, touching the question whether card playing or gambling of any sort is permissible when there is no attempt at fraud in the play. Would THE DOLPHIN kindly give an opinion that might satisfy the still doubtful inquirer?

Resp. Accepting the current definitions of "gambling," as—(1) playing a game of chance, and risking something of value on the issue; or as (2) the reckless speculating with things of value; we distinguish two sets of motives and effects.

In the first of these the object and result of the play is *amusement*, stimulated by a proportionate *reward for ingenuity* or attention in the game. In the second the object is *gain* resulting (regardless of the proportions or claims of industry or sagacity) from chance; or it is the desire to gratify a passion which produces in turn a disposition (1) to risk, unreasonably and immoderately, the loss of one's own or one's neighbor's belongings; (2) to squander time; (3) to sacrifice health of mind or body through the effects resulting from irascibility, jealousy, fraud, and similar excesses.

Since, however, the various games which serve as means of bodily and mental recreation are in themselves lawful and even commendable, the stimulus to interest in such games, which arises from a gift accorded by mutual agreement to him whom either dexterity, attention or chance points out, does not render such diversion unlawful. Such chance is not a forecasting of the divine decrees wisely hidden from men, but simply the good fortune of one who prospects and finds. Each party to the game is at liberty to give to another what is his own or not otherwise preëngaged by obligations of duty or charity.

But every right and reasonable act is determined by the limits of the natural or positive law. Thus a chance game may

exceed the bounds of moderation and of justice. If it be *immoderate* (in the judgment of good and reasonable men, according to varying conditions of life), it offends against the dignity of the human soul responsible to God who demands our reasonable service in all things; if it be *unjust*, it offends also against our neighbor to whom, by the same law of God, we owe certain duties. The difference between these two classes of offence against God and our neighbor is marked in the result, that is to say, in the reparation which both acts demand. The one calls for the satisfaction of repentance; the other demands repentance *and restitution.*

The offence by which we act *against reason* occurs when we play for excessive stakes, or through an excessive waste of time; since the squandering of money and of time is sinful, both having been given for a definite purpose which renders man a responsible creature.

The offence by which we act *against justice* occurs in playing with money or means which we owe to others, our creditors, or our family, or with time which is not our own because we are paid for its use in the fulfilment of professional duties, etc.

It may be asked regarding the first offence, viz., that of unreasonable waste of money or time: what are we to consider *excessive* stakes or waste of time? The answer must depend on the conditions upon which we regulate our ordinary views of legitimate expense of money or time. The apparel which is proper for a man or woman in the King's chamber would be extravagance for the farmer's man or maid. The hours spent at games by one in infirm or delicate health would be excessive waste for one who has serious responsibilities in active life. So the stakes of a chance game among men must vary, and the limit at which they become unlawful instruments of passion be determined by those laws of discretion and rectitude which determine the judgments of honorable and good men—*always excluding* the element of injustice above indicated, and which forbids us to risk money due to other purposes.

It would lead us beyond our present purpose to discuss here the *propriety* of card or other chance games liable to induce abuses under the pretext of charity or religion; or to touch upon

the obligation of *avoiding* what is called the "*scandal* of the weak"; or to call attention to the duty at times of abstaining from practices which mislead the young, and *become a means of other kinds of dissipation* more hurtful than the loss of time or money. These things belong to the domain of the discretion which prevents evil. What we wished to make clear, as far as can be done, was the actual lawfulness or unlawfulness of what is commonly called "gambling."

WHAT ARE WE TO THINK OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO?

An eminent Catholic physician writes to us to inquire whether the account of the miraculous transfer and present reputed existence of the Holy House of Nazareth at Loreto in Italy is to be accepted as a credible tradition. He himself was greatly edified by a visit to the shrine, years ago, on seeing the devotion of the people to our Blessed Lady, and had never doubted the genuineness of the account; until he heard a priest recently make the statement that the narrative is a pious fiction. "Has not the Church," he asks, "given public and express sanction to the devotion to our Lady of Loreto and thereby authoritatively attested the truth of the story?"

Yes, the Church has endorsed, authoritatively, the devotion to our Blessed Lady under the title by which we honor the homestead, the relic of that blessed abode where Mary and Joseph dwelt with Jesus. And that there is such a relic at Loreto we need not doubt. Of the story how it came there, the Bull of Pope Julius II (Raynald ab anno 1507, n. 27) says: "ut pie creditur et fama est," that is to say, the piety of the faithful has accepted the traditional rumor of its having been carried across the Adriatic from Palestine, by the hands of angels. In later days a doubt was raised as to the literal interpretation of the legend for which there could not of course be adduced any other documentary evidence than the reverent traditional belief handed down from the fourteenth century, confirmed by a vision of a devout priest of Tersato, and by the later investigations of commissions sent with the approval of the Sovereign Pontiffs. The last mentioned investigations extended in the main to an examination of the stone of the Holy House at Loreto, which, accord-

ing to the judgment of the Roman Professor Ratti is identical with that found in Palestine and differs from the common brick and sandstone in the region of the Adriatic coast. Whence the learned Jesuit, Horatio Tursellini, concludes that there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the celebrated relic.

In forming a serious estimate from these conclusions we must not confound the essential features of the case with those adjuncts which a devout and sincere enthusiasm has thrown about the facts, and which the imagination of the pious readily accepts as integral parts of the whole.

There is nothing in the least unlikely in the assumption of the fact for which the tradition vouches, namely, that the stones of the house at Nazareth where our Blessed Lady dwelt were carried as a precious relic from the land of the Saracens to Dalmatia and thence to Italy, where Catholic devotion would find in its possession an incentive to fervor and love for the Queen of Heaven.

But were these sacred relics actually carried by the hands of angels, as the popular belief has it, and as some shepherds were said to have witnessed?

There is nothing impossible in such a supposition, nor need we reject it as improbable or unreasonable, since there are many facts of a similarly miraculous character vouched for by Scripture and tradition which intelligent men accept as undoubtedly true. On the other hand there is no reason why the historian or critic might not, without prejudice to faith or piety, question the literal truth of the details of a tradition which the Church proposes to her children, not as a fact or subject of faith, but as a pious legend calculated in many cases to strengthen that reverence for the truly supernatural on which faith and virtue legitimately thrive.

The instructive fable or the fairy tale which a mother tells her child may not be literally true, but it contains a truth and conveys a lesson which is of more real value in educating the child than would be the true accounts of frivolities and crimes contained in the morning paper. At all events, the simplicity of a childlike faith consorts very well, not only with that general childlike disposition which our Lord makes a condition for entering into His Kingdom, but also with those highly intellectual and moral qualities which the truly wise hold of greatest account in the affairs of

earth. The Church, therefore, allows to these pious beliefs a certain freedom of growth among the faithful for the same reason that a mother indulges her boy with stories of valiant deeds of imaginary heroes, without fear that the innocent belief of their truth will lessen his love for what is true and good. And if it be objected that the age in which we live has outgrown the need of such means to foster faith and piety, means which were allowable in the ages of faith when universal science had not yet taught the popular mind to search for the causes of the phenomena which the senses perceive, we answer: Very well. The Church does not forbid you to inquire and to form a legitimate conclusion upon the evidence which you gain from your search, but the old-time faith remains still a precious boon for the many who preserve their minds in simplicity. Violets still grow in the morning sun and the fresh dew of heaven, and their perfume is perhaps more sweet than that of the artificial growth of your conservatories with their scientific methods to force variety and maturity.

Apart from this element of a faith that is, in the main, helpful to virtue, it has long been conceded that the legend of angels carrying the holy house of Nazareth to Dalmatia may easily be recognized as an early version of a very natural occurrence. We know that the Crusaders who went from France, Germany, Dalmatia, and adjacent countries, to free the Holy Land from the yoke of the Turk, brought back with them whatever precious relics they were permitted to carry. Subsequently, many knights and religious made pilgrimages to the holy places in order to secure similar treasures, because it became evident that the Saracens were gradually regaining their ascendency, and, as a result, were seeking to destroy and eliminate the landmarks of the sacred history which had drawn the Christians thither.

These pilgrims, knights, and monks, frequently robed in the white habit which then distinguished the Templars and other military orders, were on their return hailed as "angels," that is, "messengers" of happy tidings, who could give account of the scenes where the Lord and His Holy Mother and the disciples had dwelt. The word "angel" was not at all an unusual or exaggerated expression, for the Greek word from which it is derived in all our modern languages (ἄγγελοι, *angeli*) means "messengers,"

and Greek terms were very common in those days when the Greek language had just begun to be imported from its home into Central Europe, and this very largely through the returning Crusaders. It is probably from this period too that the legend of St. Catharine's body being translated to Mount Sinai dates, although there are additional incidents to be taken into account when we examine the latter tradition.

The ancient ecclesiastical use of the word *angeli* has a scriptural origin, and is identical with the Hebrew word מלאך (malakh). This term is indiscriminately translated in our Bibles by "Sons of God"—"mighty ones"—"holy ones"—"watchers"—"hosts" (soldiers)—"powers," etc. It is readily seen how these ideas are convertible and will lend themselves to designate the saintly pilgrims who came either as knights or religious or as devout anchorets carrying with them some precious reminder of the life and passion of Christ, around which they might worship or draw others to worship.

Thus, we can easily conceive of a pious band of pilgrims resolving to take away with them what they could carry in solemn procession of the sacred abode where Mary had dwelt. That they carried the house we can hardly suppose, nor need we do so, even if we assumed that celestial spirits actually performed the task. It would not be possible, except in imagination, owing to the very style and character of the original building, which must have formed a simple entry to a natural cave such as we find at Nazareth to this day in the custody of the Franciscan Fathers. But we can readily understand how a number of pilgrims would carry devoutly away with them stones and mortar, and afterwards put these reverently together in a fashion similar to the original. They located the sacred relic first in Dalmatia, and not finding it sufficiently honored there, they carried it across the Adriatic to Recanati and placed it upon the estate of a devout lady, Laureta, whence the shrine has obtained its name.

Allowing this as a reasonable basis of the account, we can understand how the story of the trials and dangers which the pilgrims underwent on their difficult and long journey from Palestine through the territory of hostile Mussulmans and treacherous Greeks, came to be magnified into a miraculous

account. Indeed we may readily believe that a wonderful providence guarded the pilgrims, and made of the event in reality a miraculous transfer, which elicited the just gratitude of the Christians who were the recipients of the treasure.

Under these conditions the examination of Dr. Ratti, Bartolini and others, who actually found the identical material of Palestinian stone in Loreto, is quite trustworthy, and may easily be reconciled with the contradictory statements of writers like Pennacchi who say that similar examination at a later date showed the stone of the building to belong to the soil of Italy. The likely fact is that the Holy House of Loreto contains actual stone from Palestine and also stone from the Italian quarries, necessary to complete the building. In this the originators of the shrine did nothing more than is ordinarily done with relics which are thus embodied in a form that speaks more directly to popular devotion, than would the separate parts. There is in this no attempt at deception.

Thus it becomes quite plain why the devout pilgrim is to this day called upon to visit Loreto to refresh his piety, if he be so inclined; at the same time, archæologists are quite right when they state that the evidence for a miraculous transfer of the Holy House *as it is conceived by the popular fancy of the faithful* is not sufficient to force assent. Nor does the Church demand such assent whilst she approves the honor paid to the mystery of the Redemption by a pious and reasonable worship.

THE NINE FIRST FRIDAYS.

Qu. Can you inform a subscriber whether there has been any decree of the S. Congregation definitely deciding that the series of nine consecutive Communions received on first Fridays of the nine months is not broken when one of these first Fridays happens to be "Good Friday"?

Resp. The devout practice of communicating on *nine successive* first Fridays of the month is a private exercise of piety to which the Church has not thus far attached any particular Indulgence. Hence it is not to be assumed that there is any decree regulating it.

There is, however, a plenary Indulgence for *every first Friday* of the month. As this implies the reception of Holy Communion, which cannot be done on Good Friday, the question of gaining the special Indulgence for that day answers itself.

CONCLUSION OF THE "VENI CREATOR."

Qu. What is the rule for chanting or reciting in common the last strophe of the "Veni Creator" during the different seasons of the year? The hymn is found in the office with the special Paschal conclusion:

Deo Patri sit gloria
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito
In saeculorum saecula.

Is this ending retained after the octave of Pentecost when the Paschal time ceases? If not, what is the proper ending?

Resp. The Sacred Congregation of Rites, reversing a note found in the *Raccolta*, has decided (June 20, 1899, *Decr. auth.* 4036) that the above conclusion is to be retained for this hymn throughout the entire year.

A BRIEF OF OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS X,

By which the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is Encouraged and Commended, and by which the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Patron of the Society, is raised to the Rite of a Double Major for the Universal Church.

PIUS X, POPE.

FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

Raised to the Apostolic Office, and placed by an act of the Divine Clemency at the very head of the Christian Priesthood, We have taken upon Ourselves a Guardianship, which goes far beyond the limits of Our Church of Rome. For, when He was about to leave this earth, Christ commanded the Apostles, and among them all especially Peter—whom He wished to be more illustrious than the others, not only by reason of his dignity, but by his zeal for the heavenly glory—to teach all nations, and to carry the salutary preaching of the Gospel to the most remote and uncivilized parts of the world. Obeying, therefore, the Divine Commands, and following the glorious examples of Our predeces-

sors, We feel that it is most consistent with Our office that Our favor and Our entire good will should be given to every means conducive to the spreading of the light of the Gospel, and to the widening of the limits of the Church.

In the very first rank, both by its usefulness and its works, stands the Society, called The Propagation of the Faith, worthy of the highest praise. This work among men seems to have been born of a wholly Divine inspiration, for it is certainly in the Providence of God that the people of the Church who did not receive the commission to preach the doctrine of Christ should aid, nevertheless, by their alms and their prayers, the preachers of the Gospel. In this way, therefore, the love of Christ the Redeemer, stirring the hearts of some excellent men, inspired them to unite in a society the faithful of all peoples and all nations, who would contribute from their resources to the sending of missionaries, who would come to the aid of these dispensers of holy things by uniting in prayers for them, and thus obtain the object of their desires, namely: the progress of the Kingdom of God on earth. It is evident to all that such an association has deserved the highest praise in the wide-spreading of the Christian faith. If the messengers of the Catholic doctrine are able to reach out to the most distant lands and the most barbarous peoples, it is to the generosity of this noble Society that credit must be given. Through it, salvation began for numberless peoples; through it, souls were prepared for those excellent fruits whose price he alone can appreciate who knows the value of the Blood shed by Christ. Through it, contrary to what might have been expected from the disunited efforts of men, was marvellously carried out the command to make known the Gospel. Deeply conscious of the merits of this illustrious Society, We have always been greatly interested in it, and have always helped it as far as Our humble resources would permit, always most anxious to do even more if, with the grace of God, it were within Our power.

Now since the bounty of the Omnipotent God has conferred upon Us the power of dispensing from the Chair of Peter spiritual favors, We are unwilling to allow this occasion to pass without paying to the association which We commend a special mark of Our good will. Wherefore, in virtue of Our apostolic authority

and by these letters, We absolve and declare absolved from all excommunication, suspension and interdict and all ecclesiastical penalties, if they have incurred any, all and each in whose favor these Our letters are given. And in order that to the external helps given to the Society there may be added also protection and grace from on high, We have chosen St. Francis Xavier as the heavenly Patron of the same and We wish that to him be given all the honors paid to heavenly Patrons. Moreover, that the veneration paid to that Saint may be further increased and that additional honors offered by the liturgy may enhance his glory still more among men, We raise his feast to the rite of a double major conformable to the rubrics for the Universal Church.

There is, indeed, between the Saint and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith a peculiar and personal relationship. For Francis labored during his life so zealously and with such great success to fill the hearts of people with Christian truths as to appear to have been a chosen instrument of Divine Providence as were the Apostles themselves.

Wherefore, We are filled with the firm hope that this most noble association will grow in strength day by day under the intercession of Francis, and that before long in the abundance of its fruits, the number of its associates, the liberality and the zeal of those who contribute their alms, its sublime and glorious object will be reached—that, as Christ established His Church, in which there is salvation for all who believe, so God in His own designs brought forth the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to make the Gospel light shine before those who do not yet believe.

Doubtless the generous efforts of individual Catholics will contribute a great deal to this result even though they act independently. No more profitable means can be used, however, than the formation of bands of ten associates among Catholics according to the very wise methods already in vogue in the Society. For the less we unite our efforts, the less result there will be; on the contrary, when we combine and organize our forces our strength is most powerful. To act as individuals We say is good, but to act united with others is to act as we ought to do. May Christ, who has saved and regenerated the human race, protect

this His Society by His grace and help, since it is its aim to spread His Most Holy Name. Yes, we are redeemed, not with silver or gold, but with the Precious Blood of the Son of God, and it is our first duty to secure His help by our unceasing prayers.

This We order and command, and We decree that these present letters be binding, valid and effective, and that they acquire and obtain their full and entire effect, and in all points be fully available to those to whom it belongs or shall in future belong, and that judgments and definitions be given according to these aforesaid by every judge holding ordinary or delegated powers; and We declare null and of no effect any attempt to the contrary, by whomsoever, with what authority soever, knowingly or in ignorance, it be made, all constitutions, apostolic ordinances, or any other notwithstanding. Also it is Our wish that to copies of these present letters, printed or otherwise, subscribed by the hand of a public notary and bearing the seal of some person constituted a dignitary in the Church, the same credence be given as would be accorded to these present letters if they were produced and shown.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's ring, the 25th day of March, 1904, in the First Year of Our Pontificate.

ALOYSIUS CARDINAL MACCHI.

IMPRIMATUR: June 4, 1904.

† JOHN M. FARLEY, *Archbishop of New York.*

Criticisms and Notes.

LIFE AND LIFE-WORK OF MOTHER THEODORE GUÉRIN, Foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana. By a Member of the Congregation. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Pp. 499.

There is something essentially heroic in the lives of founders of religious communities that gives to their personality the halo of sanctity. And the quality of heroism which characterizes Saints calls usually for more than mere admiration; it engenders vocations, that is to say, a desire to embrace a life of perfection through self-renunciation, obedience, prayer, study, and active charity. Herein lies probably the main proof that the model which incites thus to imitation did in reality possess those apostolic virtues which our Divine Master specified in sending forth His disciples with the injunction that they "bear fruit," and that their "fruit should remain."

Mother Guérin was a French woman, born at Etables, a town which overlooks the waters of the Bay of St. Brieuc on the north coast, and where from infancy she became accustomed to the contemplative habit which is engendered by the sight of the immensity and the wondrous play of the unchanging ocean. Her father, who was a naval officer in the army of Napoleon, lost his life at the hands of brigands, while on his way to visit his family. The impression produced upon the young child by this sad occurrence and the subsequent tragic death of a little brother who accidentally set fire to his bed and perished in the flames, turned her mind completely toward things eternal and made her long to devote her life to God in religion. Madame Guérin, with perhaps a tinge of that motherly ambition which seeks to satisfy self-love in the admiration bestowed by the world on a gifted daughter, at first strongly opposed the design, but prayer overcame the difficulty, and the child, though firmly bent on becoming a Carmelite, found her way into a little community established at Ruillé-sur-Loir by the Abbé Dujarié. This priest had suffered much from the persecution of the Revolutionists in the early days of the last century, when priests and religious were being not only ostracized but hunted down by the self-styled champions of license and brutality under the title of "freedom, brotherhood, and equality." When it became possible for him to

serve the neglected people in the parish of Ruillé-sur-Loir, to which he had been appointed in 1803, he found himself without assistance of religious teachers who might instruct the little ones of the large district over which his care extended. Two young women of the parish offered to devote themselves to this work, and these, without any thought of founding a religious institute, became, about the year 1806, the tenants of a little house with two rooms, where they taught the children, and whence they made their daily tours to visit the sick when the little ones had returned home. The seed grew, others joined in the work, and soon the "Little Providence" became too small to shelter the devoted handmaids, who accordingly had to find a larger home. It was in the new house in the fall of 1823, that Mlle. Guérin sought admission into the little company of Father Dujarié's daughters. The humble priest had in the meantime organized a band of Christian Brothers "of the Holy Cross" for the instruction of boys, and he remained to the end of his saintly life with these religious.

It would lead us too far to pursue the progress made by the young novice in the religious community for which she was soon to undertake an apostolate which made her a foundress of an important institution in the New World. For the information of those not familiar with the development of religious life in the United States, it should be stated here that there are several conventual Institutions under the title of "Religious of Providence" in America, which have no dependence on each other. Some forty years before the Abbé Dujarié felt the inspiration of bringing together his little flock of virgins for the special service of Christ, a venerable priest at St. Jean de Bassel, in Lorraine, Père Jean Martin Moye, had followed a similar impulse, whence arose that valiant body of religious teachers known as "Sisters of Providence of Mount St. Martin, Kentucky," and of which a second offshoot supplies religious teachers under the title of "Sisters of Divine Providence," in Texas, Brownsville, and Indian Territory.

In 1839 Monsignor de la Hailandière, the Bishop of Vincennes, invited the Sisters of Ruillé to his diocese. When they arrived at Vincennes they were met by Father Buteux, who was to conduct them to their new field of labor which was within the precincts of his parish of St. Mary's. The account of their arrival as related in the journal of the Sisters is interesting:

"Suddenly we stopped in the midst of a dense forest. It was growing dark. Father Buteux announced briefly that we had arrived. We were perfectly silent . . .

walking a short distance down a hill, we saw through the trees on the other side of a ravine, a loghouse with a shed in the rear. 'There,' said the good priest, 'is the farm house in which you will lodge until your house is completed.' We had agreed among ourselves that our first visit should be made to the Blessed Sacrament, and that we would speak to no one until we should have been admitted to the Real Presence of our Lord."

According to the agreement they were not to speak a word of even astonishment or condolence, by which they might encourage each other; and Father Buteux had to lead them on to his church, not far away. Such a church! A few boards nailed together to make a shelter for the altar; and the altar, a rough table resting on stakes, and a little silk pyx-case containing the Blessed Sacrament lying bare upon it.

Thence the story of "St. Mary's of the Woods" goes on. All through a purple woof of labors, trials, disappointments runs the scarlet thread of confidence and courage which belongs to martyrs. It is often a difficult thing to understand the way of God's Providence with those who would follow Him. We make up our minds to shun the world and to serve our Divine Master in perfect trust that He returns a hundred fold the things which we sacrifice. When the world takes scandal at our ways, we are content, having expected it, because He whom we have chosen as our Teacher had told us: "The world shall hate you, because you are My disciples." But there is to come another test. We can bear the reproach of the evildoer; the sneer of the worldly, and the false construction which the shallow place on our actions. But to find gradually that even the good misunderstand our motives, oppose our work, charge us with the very malice and sin which we would give our lives to hinder, that is real trial, the test which proves the gold whence God would fashion a casket for His love. In this light it will not seem strange that we should read of Mother Theodore being deposed during her absence, by the Bishop whose letters show him to have been a pastor not only of a holy life but disinterested and anxious to serve his flock in the most efficient manner. Later on we learn that she is actually excommunicated and dismissed from her congregation. Yet amid all these distressing occurrences we find her calmly writing down in her diary such words as these: "Hail crosses, great and small, spiritual and temporal, interior and exterior! I kiss your feet—my Saviour—unworthy as I am of the very shadows of the crucifix."

But the light came back to illumine not only her way but her

figure as leader of the community which we believe is singularly successful in carrying on the work of their foundress. Of this we must let the reader inform himself in the details of the present history of Mother Theodore. She died in 1856, on a fair morning in May. Her last hours are touchingly described by the daughter to whose apt pen we owe the biography before us. "Eternity! eternity! how happy we shall be in heaven, in beholding the sacrifices that have won for us such bliss." These were the last words she dictated to her dear mission Sisters, and in these words lies the lesson of her life's story for those who can read.

THE ANTIDOTE. Edited by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Vol. I. London: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 135.

This is not a new book, as it bears the imprint 1902. But it is so good, and the train of successors which it was evidently intended to lead on is so long in coming that we make special mention of it, fearing that the editor or publisher does not receive the encouragement necessary to keep the work moving. *The Antidote* is a collection of good answers, defensive and instructive, to difficulties raised in the public press concerning Catholic doctrine, history, and usage. The various items of information gathered were for the most part published in Catholic periodicals during 1901; they deal, therefore, with present aspects of Catholic controversy, and are classified under the headings: Catholic Doctrine and Practice—Points of History—Current Topics—Anti-Catholic Prejudice—Jesuits, etc. In some cases they touch on somewhat local and circumscribed topics, but the lesson to be drawn from them is in all cases useful as an illustration of the view which we have to take of popular polemics. The items are, as a rule, short, and given as they appeared, with a few words of comment. Thus an advertisement which was published in the *English Churchman* (September 19th), inviting readers to procure a pamphlet in which conclusive proof is given that the assassination of President McKinley was due to emissaries of Rome and Popery, is briefly reprinted, and allowed to speak for itself.

One of the most useful features of the little book is a selected list, at the end, of publications by the English Catholic Truth Society. These contain a series of brief expositions touching the Anglican Controversy, the Bible, the Confessional, Convents, the Gunpowder Plot and other historical misrepresentations, Indulgences, the Inquisition, Jesuits, the Pope, etc., all of which are helpful in controversy with

those who, through ignorance or malice, are disposed to attack the Catholic Church. We hope Father Gerard will continue his collection of clippings.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY and Its Bearing Upon Culture. By George Malcolm Stratton, Ph.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1903. Pp. 331.

Experimental Psychology has by this time passed beyond the confines of the laboratory and lecture-hall and claims quite general attention, at least among cultured readers. The student familiar with the more descriptive and speculative psychology taught in our Catholic schools is well aware that the creditable results attained in this field do not conflict with the scholastic conception, but rather add to and fill out its more theoretical contents. He welcomes, therefore, any fresh information that has been gleaned by technical experimentation. For a concise summary of such information the reader finds an excellent source in the volume at hand. A goodly number of experiments are described in detail, yet so clearly that any one of average intelligence can follow them with interest and profit. The author writes with the ease and perspicuity that are acquired only by personal experimental work, whilst at the same time his spiritual insight into the deeper significance of psychical phenomena has not been obscured by manipulation of their material conditions. This is especially manifest in the concluding chapter on the spiritual implications of experimental psychology. One here finds the author's conception of the soul very closely in accord with that which is presented in Scholastic Psychology, and very much in discord with that which one too often meets with in even the most authoritative works of the kind. This will appear from the following passage, which furnishes at the same time a fair illustration of the author's style:

"The ascendant view, and the one that seems to me by far the more convincing, is that sensations and judgments and memories, and all things else in our mental life, are to be conceived, not as self-complete and relatively independent things, but as acts of a living being. The analogy of particles of matter grouping themselves into objects cannot be made to apply to mental processes. The changes in the moral world are not a mere reshuffling of older entities. The mind can no more be constructed out of small pieces of ideas than the living body can be conceived as resulting from a gradual assembling of scattered heart-beats, with, later, a stray digestion and the rest. The relative standing of the soul and its sense impressions is thus entirely reversed. The mind is the deeper and more permanent reality, and mental phenomena are its ways of behavior. It has power and activity from within.

It is not a mere creature of circumstances,—not a mere eddy in the endless stream of sensations,—it is an agent, a person, facing the world, and acting upon it with will and intelligence. In offering this conception that the mind is an active participant in the world of events, now conquering and now for a moment beaten back, but all the while a power as real as aught we know—in presenting such a view, modern psychology is by no means justly to be called psychology without a soul. Nor is it to be called soulless because it does not speak of some spiritual reality separate and aloof from our common life of mind—from our plans and disappointments, our daily joys and pains. It is often popularly thought that the soul is separate from the mind; that it is a substance in which are lodged the more dignified attributes of the spirit; its conscience, for instance, and its ideals—what we sometimes call our spiritual nature. But there is really no reason to disjoin the higher and the lower life in this way. We do not need a soul separate from our everyday mind, any more than we need two bodies,—one reserved for the state occasions of life. Conscience and ideals must be willing to come close to homely things, must live in touch with our commonest acts, or they may as well be wanting. So that in making no separation of the soul from our most familiar processes, psychology will do the spiritual life no harm.

I feel, then, that as far as the reality of the soul is concerned the new psychology is in advance of the old. It makes the mind a living, a personal, thing. Every thought that arises, every emotion that stirs, is significant only as part of the larger life of a personal being. Persons are the elements of reality; they are not products, nor drifts. The mind is not a mechanical interplay of psychic atoms; it is a living whole." (304—306).

Apart from the statement that "persons are the elements of reality," which would require a benign interpretation to square it with truth, this passage might have been taken from some treatise on neo-scholastic psychology. The view of the soul here set forth is no discovery of the new psychology, and in nowise shows that the latter is "in advance of the old." On the contrary, it is simply a reversion to the very old psychology of Aristotle, St. Thomas, and their later disciples, and a reiteration, in the phraseology of to-day, of the ancient teaching that "the soul is the substantial form of the body."

THE AMEN OF THE UNLEARNED. A Lay Commentary. By M. C. E. London: Elliott Stock. Pp. x—227.

This is a series of essays that excited considerable interest when they originally appeared in the pages of the London *Spectator*. The editor of the latter Review contributes an introduction in which he accurately describes their purport to be as follows: "They are," he says, "plain readings of Bible truths, meant for the plain man, and lay no claim either to the standpoint of the higher criticism or to that

of the professional theologian . . . The path the author follows is that of sympathy and insight . . . (He endeavors) with the aid of the English text and of a clear and sympathetic mind working independently and untrammelled on that text, to bring the true and inner meaning of our Lord's teaching home to the reader's mind and heart."

This modest object may be fairly said to have been, on the whole, fulfilled; and we draw attention to the volume as one which is needed to fill a gap in Catholic Biblical literature for the people. It may serve at least as a model for imitation on more strictly doctrinal lines.

The contents, not unnaturally, are of unequal merit, whether considered from the literary or theological standpoint. "The Average Man in the Gospels," although one of the shortest essays in the volume, ranks among the best for its originality and insight. In it Christ's attitude toward ordinary men is sketched with the skill of a practised artist. It is shown, on the one hand, to lend no countenance to the humiliating doctrine of the utter irredeemable depravity of human nature, and, on the other, to teach positively that every man has a light in his soul just as surely as he has eyes in his head. Christ continually deprecated the exclusiveness of religious people, and forbade them to "shut the kingdom of heaven upon men." He recognized the latent goodness in every man. The author spoils his argument by shirking a close examination of the two parables dealing with importunity, merely contenting himself with the remark that they are "very obscure," and that "it is possible that they simply mean that an average man will not always be able to resist the natural impulse to do a kindness if the opportunity recurs to him with sufficient reiteration."

The essay on "The Sermon on the Mount" shows perhaps the most careful thought of any. That discourse is rightly described as the corner-stone of Christianity, and for that very reason the author might have added, "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence." Hostile critics tell us that it is nothing but a Utopian vision embodying "a conception of duty which, if it were carried out by any large number of people, would instantly disorganize society, and overthrow civilization." The defence of certain weak-kneed apologists that the Sermon is no more than "a cycle of sayings," collected by the Evangelists from much older sources, and that they must not be considered an adequate summary of the Christian religion, is ruled out of court on the authority of such scholars as Dr. Benjamin W.

Bacon, D.D., Buckingham Professor of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis in Yale University, who argues stoutly, whilst he does not hesitate to criticize the subject-matter of the account, that we have here "a real discourse of Christ and His disciples," in which "He set forth the relation of morality and religion in the coming kingdom;" adding that he believes the received report of the Sermon to be "decidedly older than either our First or Third Gospel, so much older as to go back beyond all reasonable doubt to the time when many still survived who remembered the actual preaching of Christ." The author thinks that to understand its meaning it must be regarded as a connected whole. As such, it provides a system of morals and religion consonant with the practical needs of everyday life. He maintains with evident truth that, in opposition to the popular view that Christ's doctrine was almost entirely ethical, the teaching of the Sermon is as much dogmatic as moral. "It declares the actual attitude of God to man, and from that attitude it argues the right attitude of men to each other." No man's misfortunes or sins must lead us to make God our enemy, human mercy is to have no limit because God's mercy is infinite. The religion and ethics of the Sermon may be summarized in the brief statement that it inculcates perfect benevolence toward man, and entire confidence in God. The key to its real meaning (giving the answer to the chief objection against its doctrine) lies in the distinction between the community and the individual. Christ's words are addressed to each *separate* soul. He sought to touch the springs of human action, not to make laws to govern society as a whole. The Christian must pardon his enemy as he himself hopes for pardon; no State is bound to pardon, for no State can feel personal rancor. Whether this argument will satisfy the critics is doubtful. As it stands, it seems a repetition of a somewhat threadbare answer. But if examined closely and taken in connection with the parallel thought that the ethics of the Sermon are based on a dogmatic revelation of God,—*e. g.*, mercy, sympathy, and charity are above all other virtues inculcated in it because they are His peculiar attributes,—it should have its effect. The root-idea of the essay that the essence of the Sermon on the Mount consists in the imitation of God as revealed by Christ in human action is sufficiently original to call for serious consideration.

"The Gospel and the Parables" form the subject of another suggestive commentary on the spirit of Christ's teaching as distinct from any hard-and-fast acceptation of "the letter that killeth." A positiv-

ist declares that the story of the penitent thief destroys the claim of Christianity to be a system of morality ; critics at the other end of the scale denounce our Lord's teaching as an overstern rule of life enforced by an inflexible system of theology, making an arbitrary distinction between the believer and the unbeliever. Both charges fall to the ground in the light of such parables as the Pharisee and the Publican, or the Prodigal Son, while the seeming harshness of the story of Dives and of the parable of the Talents disappears when it is remembered that Christ was speaking to souls dead in sin, since to such souls the appeal that "God is merciful to all," would have had as little effect as a surgeon substituting a drug for the knife when an operation was necessary.

Other noteworthy essays are, "An Unrecorded Sermon of St. Paul" (*scil.* that before Felix on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come); special stress being laid on that delivered upon Mars Hill, which the author declares, without troubling to make good his words, would be hardly thought orthodox if it were preached to-day. "St. Luke as Artist" and "Literary Value of the Old Testament," in which latter essay the author differs from Mr. Gladstone's opinion as recorded by Mr. Lionel Tollemache. We should add that the essays on "Good Breeding in the New Testament" and "Byways of the Bible" are ingenious and original in treatment without quite reaching the high literary form of some of the others. The theology throughout is of the "lay description." The writer shuns definitions (note his essays on the theological virtues), and has a heretical scent for singularity in Biblical interpretation, and a breezy contempt for ecclesiastical authority. His omission of all reference to the institution of the Church as a Divine Society by our Lord in his remarks on the "Parables of the Kingdom" is typical of his non-Catholic bias. Nevertheless, the essays are well above the average for depth of thought, reverence of tone, and virility of form ; they are on the whole of fine literary quality and singularly free from the strain of effort and the mannerisms of self-consciousness.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Aladdin & Co.: Herbert Quick. *Holt*. $1.50.

A story of honest men who, being determined to be rich, employed the varied machinery of railways, politics, stock gambling, land gambling, and ended in possession of their lives and little else. The moral taught is that honest men cannot play the game, and that the spectacle of their efforts is not wholesome for honest women.

At the Big House: Anne Virginia Culbertson. *Bobbs*. $1.50.

Animal stories told in negro dialect and collected in part from the blacks, and in part from Cherokee Indians. They vary but slightly from the well-known types, and add nothing to the sum of knowledge as to African thought.

Bruvver Jim's Baby: Philip Verrill Mighels. *Harper*. $1.50.

The adventures of a foundling suddenly brought into a mining camp by its most thriftless miner, and the remarkably softening and improving influence of his presence constitute the entire story which is a reflection of the late Mr. Harte's work in the same line, but shows comparatively small literary skill.

Castaway: Hallie Erminie Rives. *Bobbs*. $1.50.

The hero is Byron, and the author, in endeavoring to neutralize the wrongs inflicted upon his reputation by malicious foes and foolish friends, flies to the other extreme, and commends his acknowledged sins, always writing in an execrable style.

Cost: David Graham Phillips. *Bobbs*. $1.50.

A millionaire speculator of no principle is contrasted with a man to whom principle is dearer than life or love. The former first gains everything that he wishes, and sins with impunity, then loses and dies. The greatest novelty in the book is its innocent revela-

tion of the meaning of the word "University" in some parts of the country.

Daughter of Dale: Emerson Gifford Taylor. *Century.* $1.50.

The heroine, the granddaughter of a scholarly college professor, joins him in the effort to persuade a wealthy graduate to adopt the career of scholar instead of busying himself with the care of his estate. Discovering that as a scholar he is a very indifferent lover, the girl undoes her work as rapidly as may be, and with it undoes the mischief wrought upon an indigent undergraduate from whom the hero has taken a prize which is almost a life and death matter to the poor man.

Doris Farrand's Vocation: Mrs. G. R. Alden. *Lothrop.* $1.50.

A college girl hesitates for a time as to the nature of her life-work, but the strongest interest of the book lies in her choice between two suitors, one rather mercenary, the other sensitively honorable. The author is the wife of a Protestant minister, and this indicates the bias of the religious references and allusions in the book which is meant for young readers.

Dorothea: Maarten Maartens. (J. M. W. Van de Poorten-Schwartz.) *Appleton.* $1.50.

Characters of many nationalities surround the heroine, and teach her, by precept and example, that wives must expect unfaithfulness in husbands. The complicated history of three noble families furnishes many illustrations for the lesson, which is as ingenious in construction as unedifying in incident and inference. The story is an excellent piece of literary work, although the author's English vocabulary includes some strange specimens of colloquial English.

Double Garden: Maurice Maeterlinck. *Dodd.* $1.50.

Essays sentimental, sensible, or materialistic, or abounding in æsthetic affectation, and, as far as internal evidence goes, written in a world pumped dry of Christianity, compose this volume. They are less rhapsodical than many of the author's former papers, and not so eccentric as the plays.

Duchess of Few Clothes: Philip Payne. *Rand.* $1.50.

The "duchess" sells cigars in a Chicago hotel, and is admired by the owner, whom she refuses to marry, preferring a millionaire, one of the lovers of the owner's daughter. The latter girl loves an eccentric Bostonian who is learning life-lessons by playing the violin in the hotel orchestra. Inflated absurdity characterizes the book.

English and Scottish Ballads: F. J. Child. Edited by Helen C. Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. *Houghton.* $3.00.

The costly edition of ballads made by the late Professor Child is here represented by at least one version of each ballad, making it equally valuable for all but the reader exactly critical of phrases. A complete glossary and a list of "Sources" is added, and Pro-

fessor Kittredge furnishes an interesting history of the growth of the ballad.

Fall of Feudalism in Ireland: Michael Davitt. *Harper*. $2.00.

A brief account of Irish land troubles from the day of Cromwell until the time of Butt, and a fairly full story of the parliamentary agitation and agrarian disturbances since that time. Naturally, it reflects Mr. Davitt's personal prejudices, and its author's position in regard to the relations of Rome and Ireland is hardly to be called devout, and his story is remarkable for its omissions, but the book is a valuable historical document, exactly defining the position of its author's section of the Irish party.

Flame Gatherers: Margaret Horton Potter. *Macmillan*. $1.50.

A story of India before the Mohammedan conquest, with elaborate descriptions of daily life and ceremonial among Hindus and Buddhists, with an attractive exhibition of Buddhist philosophy. The former half, a zenana story of infidelity and death, and the latter the life of a Buddhist hermit, are slightly connected, and the whole is apparently founded on knowledge gathered from books.

Four Years Under Marse Robert: Major Robert Stiles. *Neale*. $1.50.

A Confederate officer's personal experience in the Civil War, related with great spirit and fire, and with no ill-feeling. The germs of more than half of the Southern war novels may be found here, with many new stories and competent criticism of strategy.

Francis Parkman: Henry Dwight Sedgwick. *Houghton*. $1.10 *net*.

A brief biography agreeably written, and containing many unpublished letters, copious extracts from Parkman's early diaries, and frank expression of his political and historical opinions. The author treats the dispute with Abbé Casgrain with great fairness.

Gems of the East: A. H. Savage Landor. *Harpers*. $4.00.

The writer gives an account of a long visit to the Philippines, during which he studied the natives of a large number of the islands. He describes the dress, manners, diet, diseases, and general state of civilization of the various tribes with but very slight reference to their history and he pictures the natural features, and enumerates the productions of many places. His passing reference to American civilians and soldiers are courteous, but he does not approve of the administrative extravagance everywhere visible.

High Road: Anonymous. *Stone*. $1.50.

An unscrupulous woman describes the wiles by which she wins socially desirable husbands for her girls, but the purpose of the book is to arouse the reader's curiosity as to the author, who, as her own heroine, describes herself as guilty of incredible meanness as a journalist and as a magazine writer.

How to Know the Butterflies: John Henry Comstock, Anna Botsford Comstock. *Appleton.* $2.25 *net.*

Colored plates exhibiting a large number of varieties make this book valuable to those already having some knowledge of butterflies, and a "General Account" includes a fair description of the species. The book is not provided with any of those learning-made-easy "keys" found in nearly all the nature books, but it includes many pleasant quotations germane to the subject.

Huldah: Grace Macgowan Cooke and Alice Macgowan. *Bobbs.* $1.50.

The kindly, honest keeper of a little eating-house in a small town of the Western cattle country is the heroine. She adopts all the deserted and orphaned children of the region and befriends all the unfortunate, and at intervals discourses her philosophy of life, using a dialect. She phrases some old truths impressively, and is not borrowed from Dickens.

Idyls and Sketches of Travel: Anna Cogswell Wood. *Neale.* $1.50.

This volume announces itself as composed of extracts from a dead friend's note-books filled during visits to Spain, Russia, Italy, Norway, and Holland, with some additions and explanations by the author, but the "friend" seems hardly substantial. Some of the little stories are excellent, and the general intellectual tone of the book is high. Its fault is occasional misunderstanding of ecclesiastical matters and slighting reference to priests.

In Search of the Unknown: Robert W. Chambers. *Harpers.* $1.50.

Stories old and new describing scientific quests for fabulous and impossible creatures, the narrator invariably figuring as the foolish assistant of the leader of the expedition, and invariably being jilted by some girl connected with it. The author good-naturedly jeers the "nature books," their authors, and readers, and casts unkind doubts on the value of "nature study."

Kings and Queens I Have Known: Hélène Vacaresco. *Harpers.* $2.00 *net.*

The author, a Roumanian, maid of honor to her queen, describes the late Pope, and nearly all the other royal personages of Europe as she has seen them in public and in semi-privacy. The merit of the book is its freedom from scandal, but violently republican readers will find it too respectful.

Kin of Kaadn: Holman F. Day. *Small.* $1.00.

Dialect verse, connected by prose passages of description and conversation, both verse and prose rough at times, and abounding in rustic substitutes for profanity, but always clean, and truly expressing the feelings of the average working-man of Maine. The subjects are homely character and incident, and at

long intervals a patriotic topic which invariably elevates the style, and occasionally natural beauties, which always refine it.

Little Gardens: Charles M. Skinner. *Appleton.* $1.50.

A pleasant volume discussing what may be done by the judicious use of money in a small space of ground. The proper seasons for planting, and the time of blooming are given, and some good hints as to accessories.

Lychgate Hall: "M. E. Francis." *Longmans.* $1.50.

A story of rural England in the days of highwaymen, and of a village mystery which ends happily. The rustic narrator's descriptions of the squirearchy are highly humorous.

Magnetic North: Elizabeth Robins. *Stokes.* $1.50.

Two men's Alaskan adventures during the winter following the gold discoveries in the Klondyke constitute the entire story. They learned that the price of gold is as high in a mining country as in any other, and that human nature is hardly strong enough to endure Arctic hardship unscathed without such supernatural aid as they are forced to see is enjoyed by the devoted priests and sisters at Holy Cross Mission. They have some glimpses of the natives, whom they entirely misunderstand, and one of them dies outworn.

My Li'l' Angelo: Anna Yeaman Condict. *Appleton.* $1.00.

A lawless but loving French-Italian child is suddenly flung upon the mercies of an American family of the coldest and stiffest manners, and is represented as transforming his hosts and their children into affectionate and effusive beings. The author's knowledge of such families is evidently quite theoretical, but the story suffices to amuse.

Nancy Stair: Eleanor Macartney Lane. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The heroine is a poet contemporary of Burns whom she knows and greatly admires, but her strong points are her dominion over her family and friends and her passion for the law. She uses her knowledge of judicial procedure to save her lover's lile, thereby running a great risk, and she learns that the woman's proper destiny is marriage, a matter concerning which she seems to have had more doubt than was held in her century.

Nature's Comedian: W. E. Norris. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The hero, an actor, has very little natural stability, and in real life fits himself so carefully to the apparent histrionic necessities of the moment that there is no sincerity in him. He is well nigh ruined by an encounter with a perfectly selfish woman who tempts him with proffered great riches to abandon his profession and to forget his honor. The story is so lightly told that it is not actually painful and the end is artistic.

Penetration of Arabia: David George Hogarth. *Stokes.*

This work is a summarized account of the exploration of

Arabia up to the present moment, it is fully provided with illustrative maps, and is unique in the English language, its material having been hitherto widely dispersed.

Penobscot Man: Fanny Hardy Eckstorm. *Houghton.* $1.25.

Some ten stories are included in this book of the "drive." They necessarily hint at the profanity which is almost invariable in the river man's speech, but they glowingly set forth his faithful devotion to his work, his bravery, and his respectful bearing toward women. The author knows her subject thoroughly.

Poems: Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Houghton.* $1.75 net.

This volume belongs to the Centenary edition. The poems are arranged in chronological order, and include some not found in other editions, and in the appended notes are many passages from the author's journals, showing the growth of the thought on which certain poems are based. These notes constitute a fairly good brief biography.

Rachel Marr: Merley Roberts. *Page.* $1.50.

The story of a man's suffering after wilfully wedding an unworthy woman whom he does not love, because he is too much of a coward to brave Protestant opinion and marry a Catholic whom he loves. The temperament of the Catholic, the child of a terrible sin, plays the chief part and is studied with scientific thoroughness. The story is painful in the extreme, but its theme is treated with much art, and with no immoral gentleness as to the punishment of sin.

Second Mrs. Jim: Stephen Conrad. *Page.* $1.00.

The personage mentioned in the title manages her husband and his two sons by delicate and politic touches and makes herself thoroughly beloved. She tells the story colloquially with no little enjoyment of its humorous situations.

Tattlings of a Retired Politician: Forrest Crissey. *Thompson.* $1.50.

Stories of corruption in State and city couched in speech slightly flavored with English, but belonging to no known language except the ward politician's.

Texas Matchmaker: Andy Adams. *Houghton.* $1.50.

Life on a cattle farm before the days of fencing, with the gradual changes made by time, is the real subject. The matchmaker, by his own confession, is unsuccessful, and the narrator is unhappy. The book is perfectly sincere and may be accepted as quite true to reality.

Transgression of Andrew Vane: Guy Wetmore Carryl. *Holt.* $1.50.

A young American going to Paris in the hope of winning a countrywoman whom he loves, falls into the hands of an unscrupulous brute who lives by ruining young men, and is saved from irremediable misery by the self-sacrifice of a social waif who com-

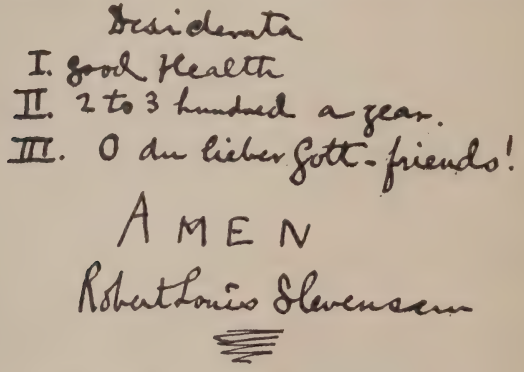
mits murder and dies for his sake. The author's art is undeniable, but he has chosen a subject which bars his countrywomen from enjoying it, unless they judge decency by French standards.

Under the Vierkleur: Gen. Ben. Viljeon. *Small.* $1.50.

This story tells of an untried young officer's gallant service in the Boer war, and of the sufferings of his family and friends during the contest. Both the concentration camps and the prisons are described and in one scene a remarkable court-martial occurs. A portrait of the author and some excellent pictures illustrate the story.

Literary Chat.

The Scribners have just announced a book of prayers composed by Robert Louis Stevenson during his sojourn in Samoa for use in his own home circle and arranged for publication by his wife. What a lesson he is to the Christian father by reason of the wisdom and firmness with which he ruled a numerous household. In weak health from childhood up he lived a most active and fruitful life. Content with little his wants were still great, and he expresses the whole tenor of his aspirations in a pithy half-humorous, half-pathetical note found among his letters after his death.



Yet he was not a dissatisfied man. His *Requiem* shows this:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Father Sheehan has written what he modestly calls a little dramatic tale which is published by the Longmans under the title *Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise.* Its character and purpose will be best understood from the fact that the author has generously given over copyright, and all other rights, of the publication to the Children's Hospital, Dublin, for whose benefit he had originally written the book. This disposition of the volume will add to the ready welcome which anything from the pen of the author of *My New Curate* and of *Under the Cedars and the Stars* is sure to receive.

Commenting upon the literary instinct that craves for praise and money, a writer in *Harper's Weekly* reminds his readers that Milton got only twenty-five dollars for "Paradise Lost" and that Shelley never made anything out of his poetry; Browning for twenty years and over paid to get his work printed; the greatest of English novelists earns his livelihood by reading for publishers, and although we have no data, it would be safe to guess that Mr. Swinburne could not support himself by his poetry. To sum up, in Stevenson's words again: "What you may decently expect if you have some talent and much industry is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output."

Miss Emily Hickey is to publish a new novel under the title *Lois.* She and Dr. Furnivall were the founders of the famous Browning Society in England. Browning was a great admirer of the gifted Irish poet of whom American readers know perhaps too little. One of the last letters of Robert Browning, written from the De Vere Gardens, early in the year 1889, tells how highly he esteemed the poetical gift of his Irish friend: "I hope that my letter contains, as it ought, some little evidence of the feeling I have always had, not only of admiration for your ability, but affection for yourself. I am delighted to hear of the new Poems. Shall we never see you in person, my sister as well as

Yours truly ever,

ROBERT BROWNING."

Shortly after this Browning went to Venice, where he died.

Miss Hickey is still active in the literary field, as the announcement of *Lois* proves, yet her writings can hardly be called "popular" in the sense that they cater to the common-place appetite of the average reader of to-day. Though a Catholic, she is a convert, a grand-daughter of William Hickey, of Cambridge fame, whose numerous books on the industrial condition of Ireland became very popular under the pseudonym of "Martin Doyle." Miss Hickey's work was recognized as superior in literary merit from the very first, and she became, when still very young, a frequent contributor to the *Cornhill*, the *Macmillan* and other high-class magazines. Last year a critic in *The Queen* rated her poetic works (published in five volumes) with those of Christina Rossetti. We believe that the exquisitely spiritual flavor of her verses puts her above the beautifully rhythmic but often melancholy genius of her English-born Italian sister. Miss Hickey is an Irishwoman by birth and descent.

Father William Riggs, S.J., of the Creighton University, publishes in a reprint from *Popular Astronomy* his interesting account of the work done by the Society of

Jesus for the advance of astronomical studies since the year 1540. The notes referring to the activity of the Fathers in this important field of science, down to the year 1733, when the Society was suppressed, were originally compiled by the late Father John Schreiber, an Austrian Jesuit, who had attained a high reputation as a scientific observer. But the account of work accomplished at the various astronomical observatories connected with the Jesuit Universities, from the year 1814 to the present, has been collected by Father Riggs himself, who demonstrates very conclusively that the Jesuits are not a whit behind the foremost scientists of the day in matters pertaining to practical astronomy.

C. O'Conor Eccles makes a strong plea in the *Irish Monthly* for the modern woman, whose abilities, she maintains, are not properly appreciated by *man*kind. "Once a thing is known to be by a woman, it is, in a sense, discredited," is surely not true, except of the things for which women, as a rule, have no special aptitude. If among the ranks of women are to be found great philosophers, great politicians, great soldiers, great inventors and artists, they are not discredited, but they are still the exceptions; and this not altogether because opportunities have been lacking in their case for the development or exercise of those powers of consistency and sustained thought, which are more commonly allied with the physical robustness and moral courage of man.

Why should a woman, in her ambition to rival man, forget that she has qualities of the heart which give her tact, grace, sympathy, and power of persuasion, to a degree commonly lacking to the average man; and these exclusive endowments of womanhood are no less effective in moulding human destiny and bringing about great and noble results than mere brain power. A bantam rooster has staying qualities which would ill become his gentler mate, despite her spurs. But O'Conor Eccles can write a good Irish story despite her grievance against the monopolists of manly virtues.

The *Althea* maintains the fine quality of matter and form which has given it from the outset a unique place among junior academic journals. It is manifestly a genuine expression of the spirit which rules in the Sharon Convent school; one cannot mistake its excellence—we might be tempted to say, its exclusiveness, if it did not also bear the stamp of generosity.

The letters of Welby Pugin, the great English architect, who, after his conversion, designed many of the Catholic churches and convent chapels in England, reveal some curious characteristics. It appears that he frequently found himself hampered in the execution of his architectural designs by the poverty of his patrons, who wanted as much beauty, with as much economy, as was possible, or sometimes impossible. On one occasion a bishop wrote to him, commissioning him to design a cathedral, which was to be at once very large, very handsome, and very cheap, and naming an entirely inadequate sum for which the work was to be done. "My dear Lord," wrote back the exasperated architect, "why not say thirty shillings more, and have a tower and peal of bells when you are about it?"

Touching the reform of our Church music we note the following sensible letter in the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, signed 'J. L. Davenport, M.A., Cantab.': "It

seems to me that your correspondents overlook the fact that a work of art may be admirable, yet not suitable for Catholic worship. Even if the Venus de Medicis were robed and labeled 'St. Mary Magdalen,' the statue would be out of place in a church. So one would hardly go to such great artists as Watteau, Fragonard, Lancret, or Bourcher for a picture of the Crucifixion. It is one thing to say that Cherubini's Mass for the Coronation of Charles X, and Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, when performed with the orchestral parts that they were written with, are delightful works of art, on a par with the same master's operas *Les deux Journées* and *Roméo et Juliette*. It is quite another thing to say that they are suitable accompaniments to the liturgy of the Church.

"It seems to me that it is not more difficult to train boys to sing Plain Chant than to sing Cherubini or Gounod. I quite agree that Plain Chant, as usually sung, is dreary; not only that, but hideous and barbarous. The same Chant, as sung by the boys in Westminster Cathedral, is most beautiful and majestic."

A booklet descriptive of the object of the *Marquette League* may be obtained gratis at the United Charities Building (Room 420), New York City. The League has been organized, under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers, for the purpose of supporting the Indian missions; in particular to secure regular means for the erection of chapels, the maintenance of missionaries and catechists, and the establishment of Catholic Indian Schools.

Whilst attention is being drawn to the new *Manual for Teachers of Christian Doctrine* which directs the teachers to avail themselves of the methods so successfully adopted in other branches of pedagogy, it must not be forgotten that similar efforts had, at least partially, been made in the same direction by able catechists. One of these appeared in that excellent Diocesan Monthly, *The Guidon*, under the direction of the Rev. J. B. Delany, some years ago, in a series of instructions for the young which was entitled "Through the Eye-Gate." In these short sketches the writer takes up such themes as a watch, which he illustrates, showing in the likeness of its case and works the corresponding relation of our soul and body. In another instruction he points out the dangers of sin by comparison to a mouse-trap; or the action of prayer through the image of the Bell telephone. These ways are practical because they not only elicit attention, but give the medium of understanding and of keeping habitually in mind the vital truths of religion. We learn that Father Delany's name is on the terna for the bishopric of Manchester. His methods of pedagogy show him to possess valuable qualities for so eminent a pastoral charge.

The Benzigers have republished Father Arnoudt's *Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, originally written in Latin and translated by Fastre. The new edition is much less bulky than the first.

Charles Douniol (Paris) issues a new edition of the Abbé Perreyve's *Étude sur L'Immaculée Conception*, with a preface by Cardinal Perraud.

Someone asks us what French books of real literary worth we should recommend if the classics, among which Dumas is mentioned, are to be banished from a library for the use of Catholic readers. "Are there any writers (except those who

make devotional books) from whom one may learn French style and French thought as one learns it from Molière, or from Voltaire, whose Charles XII is read in nearly every Catholic college in Germany because it is a model of historic narrative? Whom have we even among the older French writers worth cultivating?"

To answer the question properly would require a rather exhaustive commentary, not simply on the respective merit and comparative value of French classics, but upon the requirements of a high standard in determining the value of works by which excellence of thought and grace of style is cultivated. We might maintain that the reading of Corneille would do more for the education of the mind and heart, whilst doing no less for the training in style and expression, than any other French writer covering a similar field. The character of his best pieces, such as *Cid*, *Cinna*, or *Polyeucte*, is entertaining and has a distinct and lofty tendency. Voltaire and Dumas and their kin may be entertaining in narrative and agreeable in the rhythmic expression of their prose, but they do not make gentlemen of youth, nor enhance the truest grace of womanhood. Why should Catholics, conscious of their nobler aims, follow the standard set in the salons of the worldly-wise? If they must get into a certain kind of society on such terms, they will remain in that society when the terms become somewhat harder to bear up with than mere social ostracism.

But we believe there is abundance of other French literature for Catholics in the best sense of the word, quite apart from the purely devotional order of writings. Among the older, half-forgotten but worth a search for, might be mentioned Mathurin Régnièr, and François de Malherbe. They are not pious, quite, but they offer abundant food for those who dote on naturalism and reason as essentials of true art. Marsillac and La Rochefoucauld are masters of pure style and elevated thought. Lafontaine and De la Bruyère have their special fields. Bossuet, Fénelon, and above all, in point of fine form, Bourdaloue, are not merely preachers, but historians, philosophers and good stylists each in a different way. De Maistre, both Xavier and Joseph, the two Ségurs, Mad. de Stael, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Montalembert, Ozanam, Rio are common enough names, and if one look for rhetoricians pure and simple we need not hesitate to prefer Villèle, Corbière, Martignan or Berryer to any of the more popular academicians. But there are besides innumerable writers of to-day, such as Hello or Charruau and perhaps others who have produced better books not so well known to the present writer, from which what is desirable in the way of language as well as thought can be obtained. Might not our correspondent consult the educators of our religious schools whom France has trained, the Ladies of the Sacré Cœur and others, for a list that has the advantage of a practical test?

It may seem too much of an insistence that we should divert the thoughtful reader's attention again to the articles on our Blessed Lady by Mrs. Shapcote. No doubt there are large passages, in which she seems to treat of purely theological aspects of the subject with which the lay mind finds it difficult to become familiar and interested. But there are other parts intensely practical, and touching phases of education and everyday life, such as we miss only at the risk of eternal happiness. It is to be remembered also that the papers are the collaboration of two minds, whose whole lives have been devoted to a special study of and to elucidating the mysteries in the life of our Blessed Lady. Father Phi lpin de Rivière is now ninety yeas of age, no longer able to work as a writer, but happy and cheerful in the solitude of his little cell at

the Oratory in London. Of Mrs. Shapcote we are not permitted to say more at present than that all her energies, coupled with very rare gifts of mind and heart, have led her to devote her literary and artistic talent to echoing the Magnificat of our Blessed Lady. She, too, lives in the solitude of a monastery, where the Divine Spirit loves to breathe His inspirations upon a soul attuned to the contemplative moods that know no earthly solicitudes. We deem it a blessed privilege to keep the subject before our readers for many reasons, upon which we hope to dwell at another time; for the present, it is the occasion of the approaching Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

Chatto & Windus (London) are to bring out Justin McCarthy's autobiography (now appearing serially in the *Outlook*), under the title of *The Story of an Irishman.*

Professor Albert Réville's *Histoire du dogme de la divinité de Jesus Christ* is in ne with the destructive criticism which the Holy See has clearly condemned in its censure of the Abbé Loisy's works. The new tactics of rationalism are to defend Christianity, but to destroy fundamental dogma—that is, the belief in the Divinity of Christ. With it falls the authority of the Gospel teaching. This is the thing which the principle of private judgment of the so-called Reformation has brought forth.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. By the Rev. F. Arnoudt, S.J. Translated from the Latin by I. M. Fastre. New Edition. With morning and evening prayer, devotions for Mass, Confession, Communion, etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 734. Price, $1.25.

LITURGIA ROMANA e Liturgia dell' Esarcato. Il rito detto in seguito Patriarchino e le origini del *Canon Missae* Romano. Ricerche Storiche del Dott. Antonio Baumstark. Roma: Frederico Pustet. 1904. Pp. 192.

EASY MASS IN C, in Honor of St. Anthony. For one or two children's voices. With Bass ad libitum. By J. Singenberger, Knight of St. Gregory the Great; President of the American St. Cæcilia Society; Professor of Music at the Catholic Normal School and Pio Nono College, St. Francis, Wis. Pp. 8. Price, $0.35.

LA CLANDESTINITÉ dans le mariage. Par l'Abbé R. Bassibey, Docteur en droit canonique—(Bordeaux). Paris: Libraire Oudin. Pp. 416.

BABEL UND BIBEL. Ein populärer Vortrag von Dr. Gottfried Hoberg, Professor Univers. Freiburg. Freiburg Brisg., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 35. Price, $0.22.

THE YOUNG PRIEST. Conferences on the Apostolic Life. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster. Edited by his brother, Monsignor, Canon John S. Vaughan. London: Burns & Oates. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 346. Price, $2.00.

BENEDICTI XIV PAPAE OPERA INEDITA. Primum publicavit Franciscus Heiner, Doct. Theol., Prof. Univ. Freiburg, Brisg. Friburgi Brisgoviae: B. Herder. St. Louis, Mo. 4to. Pp. 464. Price, $6.25.

LIFE AND LIFE-WORK OF MOTHER THEODORE GUÉRIN, Foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo Co., Indiana. By a member of the Congregation. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Pp. 499. Price, $2.00.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART—The Truth. By Jessie Willis Brodhead. Chicago: The Truth Society. 1903. Pp. 23.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. Reprint from Catholic Truth Society, London. International Catholic Truth Society: Brooklyn, N. Y. 1904. Pp. 20. Price, $0.05.

A MEMORIAL OF FIRST COMMUNION. By a member of a Religious Order. New York: Joseph Schæffer. Pp. 16. Price, $2.00 per 100.

DIE RELIGIÖSE GEFAHR. Von Albert Maria Weiss, O.Pr. Freiburg Brisg.; St. Louis, Mo: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 521. Price, $1.60.

JACOB BALDE. Ein religiös-patriotischer Dichter aus dem Elsass. (Strassburger Theolog. Studien.) Von Dr. Joseph Bach. Freiburg Brisg.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 156. Price, $1.05.

RUNDSCHREIBEN PIUS X (E supremi Apostolatus Cathedra). Latein und Deutsch. Freiburg Brisg.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 27. Price, $0.11.

WINKE FÜR ANFERTIGUNG UND VERZIERUNG DER PARAMENTE. Von Joseph Braun, S.J. Mit Illustrationen. Ergänzung zur Sammlung von "Vorlagen für Paramentenstickereien." Freiburg Brisg.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. 4to. Pp. 188. Price, $2.75.

DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI, quae dicitur libri IV cum caeteris autographi Bruxellensis tractatibus Thomae Hemerken a Kempis. Adjectis epilegomenis adnotatione critica indicibus etc. ex autographo edidit Michael Josephus Pohl. Friburgi Brisg.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 520. Price, $1.75.

DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART. By the Rev. Robert J. Carbery, S.J. Second Edition. San Francisco: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 48.

CHRISTIAN POLITENESS. For the use of Schools, Academies, Colleges, and Seminaries, as well as for Private Study. Published by the Rev. M. M. Gerend, President of St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wis. Milwaukee: J. H. Yewdale and Sons Co. 1904. Pp. 298. Same in German.

CATECHISM OF THE INSTRUCTION OF NOVICES; or, An Abridgement of "Instruction of Novices" of the Venerable Fr. John of Jesus and Mary: Third Superior-General of the Discalced Carmelites. Catechetically arranged by the Rev. Father Gerard of St. Teresa, D.C., Definitor-Provincial of the Province of Flanders. Translated from the French by a Carmelite Nun of the Province of St. Patrick, Ireland. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. xxi—137.

ADOLESCENCE. Its Psychology and its Relation to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion and Education. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Clark University and Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy. Volumes I and II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904. Pp. Vol. I, xxi—589; Vol. II, vi—784. Price, $7.50.

ASTRONOMICAL AND HISTORICAL CHRONOLOGY in the Battle of Centuries. By William Leighton Jordan, Fellow of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. 70. Price, $0.90.

BELLES-LETTRES.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (Shakespeare). Edited by Felix E. Schelling, Ph.D., Litt. D., University of Pennsylvania. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company (Gateway Series). Pp. 185.

SILAS MARNER. By George Eliot. Edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross, Ph.D., Professor at Yale University. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: American Book Company (Gateway Series). Pp. 336.

ESSAY ON BURNS. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Edwin Mims, Ph.D., Professor at Trinity College, North Carolina. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: American Book Company (Gateway Series). Pp. 160.

SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA. By Edmund Burke. Edited by William Macdonald, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor at Brown University. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: American Book Company (Gateway Series). Pp. 164.